



# Antidote to Oblivion

## by Philip Martin

**THE DOCTOR: COLIN BAKER**

Time and space traveller.

**FLIP: LISA GREENWOOD**

His companion.

**SIL: NABIL SHABAN**

Sadistic alien businessperson.

**CORDELIA CROZIER:**

(F, 20s-30s) Obsessive virologist.

**PAN / LORD MAV:**

(M) Former chemist, reduced to a subterranean life. / A Mentor, Sil's haughty boss (slug-like alien).

**CERISE / AUTOMATED VOICE:**

(F, 20s-30s) Former doctor, reduced to a subterranean life.

**BOSCOE / VODA / KNIGHT MARSHAL / MINI ANZO:**

(M) President of Concorpia. / Psychic avatar of the disease-ridden Velendari / Tough senior security guard. / Tiny, mutated, furious Time Lord who mostly says 'Fiddlesticks!'

**KRISTAL / MISTRESS NA / VELENA:**

(F) Member of the Concorp Board. / Female Mentor (slug-like alien) / Psychic avatar of disease-ridden Velendari.

**BOB:** Human technician.

**ALSO: MINI ANZOR; ZOMBIE CITIZENS; MOB.**

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**PART ONE**

MUSIC: OPENING THEME

**Scene 1: EXT. ALIEN BEACH**

AN IDYLLIC PLANET OF LEISURE, RELAXATION AND ENJOYMENT. TROPICAL HAWAIIAN GUITAR MUSIC, SURF, EXOTIC BIRD SONG. THE DOCTOR AND FLIP ARE SUNNING THEMSELVES, LYING IN HAMMOCKS ON A SLEEPY BEACH. HAMMOCKS CREAK GENTLY IN THE BREEZE.

DOCTOR  
(SIGHS CONTENTEDLY) Aaah...

FLIP  
What was that, Doctor?

DOCTOR  
Nothing, just 'aaah'. Bliss, Flip, perfect bliss, no rabid creatures trying to pull the universe from under our feet, no monsters, no Daleks yelling 'ex-ter-minate'! This planet is well named, Tranquillity; that is just what it delivers. Yes, ahh...  
(SIGHS WITH SWEET CONTENTMENT) ... tranquillity.

FLIP  
Doctor...?

DOCTOR  
Mmm?

FLIP  
How long have we been here, exactly?

DOCTOR  
Flip, time no longer matters, it has no relevance; we can stay here for as long as we wish.

FLIP  
Yeah, but how long's that gonna be?

DOCTOR  
I have absolutely no idea. The universe can get by without us for a few hours. Days. Aeons.

FLIP  
Aeons!?!

DOCTOR

Right now, I wish for nothing more than this sun, this sand... this hammock, swaying softly in this gentle breeze... and another refreshing glass of 'Delicia'. (RATTLE OF ICE, DRINKS) Ahh. That's the ticket.

**Scene 2: INT. CONCORP – BOARDROOM**

THE ROOM IS WAY UP INSIDE A TALL BUILDING. THERE IS LITTLE TRAFFIC NOISE APART FROM THE FAINT WHOOSHING SOUNDS OF THE SKY CAR NETWORK IN THE SKY ABOVE. SIL AND PRESIDENT BOSCOE ARE ARGUING FIERCELY.

SIL

No, Mr President, NO! You have exceeded your credit limit. I cannot countenance a further loan!

BOSCOE

My dear Sil... The Universal Monetary Fund exists to service requests such as this.

SIL

But not to submit to excessive demands without guarantees! No, Mr President. Concorp has come to my well once too often.

BOSCOE

My request is on behalf of Concorpia. You are supporting not just a corporation, but a country, a nation!

SIL

I have already put myself in jeopardy with my masters on Thoros Beta. I have recommended billions of credits in loans. My masters wish to know when and how you propose to pay them back?

BOSCOE

We plan further austerity measures.

SIL

Only radical cutting will do. You pay too much in benefits to the general population, to non-productive people.

BOSCOE

I thought you had a plan. That little side project you've been working on in the Concorp medical centre...?

SIL

That is private business! It has nothing to do with the U.M.F.!

BOSCOE

Of course, of course. (SLY) But it would be personally compromising, would it not, were your U.M.F. masters to hear about the little venture you've embarked upon, using Concorp's facilities? They might well perceive a conflict of interest.

SIL

My dear President Boscoe, there is no need to resort to idle threats.

BOSCOE

They are not idle. I need a further influx of funds to keep our national budget viable.

SIL

Well, how much more do you require?

BOSCOE

Twelve billion universal credits.

SIL

(SPLUTTERS IN SHOCK) Twe... Twel... Twelve?! Do you jest?

BOSCOE

Should I approach one of your rivals, then? Perhaps Mistress Na will prove more... flexible.

SIL SOFTENS HIS STANCE EVEN MORE.

SIL

Mr President, our association has long been of mutual benefit. There is no need for us to fall out over such a trivial amount. But should the U.M.F. reject your request, I trust you will appreciate that I have already lent you far more than my personal discretion allows...?

BOSCOE

Enough of your snivelling, Sil. I must have re-financing. Do you wish for the population of Concorpia to rise up against us?

SIL

The proletariat? (SHUDDERS) Nobody wants that, Mr President.

**Scene 3: EXT. ALIEN BEACH**

THE DOCTOR SNORES GENTLY IN TIME TO THE ROLLING SURF.

FLIP  
Doctor, your coat's on fire.

DOCTOR  
(SLEEPILY) Not to worry...

FLIP  
(LOUD) I said, your coat's on fire!!!

DOCTOR  
(SUDDENLY AWAKE) What?! Wh- aaah!

FX: HAMMOCK CREAKS HEAVILY AS HE FALLS OUT OF IT WITH A CRASH,  
SPILLING AND UPSETTING HIS DRINKS TABLE.

DOCTOR  
Very funny. Now look what you've made me do, you've made me spill  
my jug of Delicia!

FLIP  
Good.

DOCTOR  
Good?!

FLIP  
Yes, good – you, you hammock potato!

DOCTOR  
I've merely become, how would you say – chilled? Laid back?

FLIP  
Laid out, more like.

**Scene 4: INT. CONCORP – COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE**

BOB, A LACONIC TECHIE, IS TRYING TO ESTABLISH AN INTERPLANETARY COMMUNICATIONS LINK WITH SIL'S HOME PLANET. THERE IS STATIC AND A JUMBLE OF INTER-GALACTIC NOISE.

SIL  
What is happening? I wish to call Thoros-beta.

BOB  
Should've booked it earlier.

FX: STATIC RESOLVES ITSELF.

BOB  
There we go. Ugh, horrible distort on the picture, mind.

SIL  
There, on the screen, that is my master, the Lord Mav.

BOB  
That's how he looks? That wrinkly old lizard?

SIL  
The Lord Mav, yes.

BOB  
I can't sit looking at that; (GETTING UP) I'm off on my break.

SIL  
But I cannot hear what he is saying!

BOB  
(LEAVING) Press the speaker switch. (MUTTER) Put me right off my tea.

SIL  
Speaker switch... Ah!

FX: BLIP. MAV CUTS IN MID-SPEECH; HE IS AN ANCIENT THOROS-BETAN WITH A REEDY QUAVERY VOICE THAT HAS A SLIGHT DISTORTED QUALITY BECAUSE OF THE INTER-PLANETARY WOBBLE EFFECT.

MAV  
(D) [Sil! Sil! Are] you listening to me, Sil?!

SIL  
I am here, my Lord Mav. I hear you!

MAV

(D) At last. I was beginning to feel ignored. Now – I have received your request for yet more funds. Fourteen billion credits! After an initial loan of one trillion to this... Concorpia. Are you gambling with U.M.F. money, Sil?

SIL

Perish the thought, Ancient Master.

MAV

(D) 'Concorpia'. Do I know them? Weren't they once called something else? The – 'Yuk', is that right?

SIL

The U.K., my Lord. Or 'not so Great Britain'.

MAV

(D) Oh, yes, we accepted their crown jewels as part of the bankruptcy settlement. Why are we interested in this tiny island, anyway? (SUSPICIOUS) Just what are you doing there, Sil?

SIL

Concorp manufactures and exports P.P.M.C. drugs to the rest of the planet, my Lord.

MAV

(D) P.P.M.–what?

SIL

Population Pacification and Mind Control. An industry that could bring great prosperity to us as investors.

MAV

(D) Ah, my second favourite word, next to profit. Mm, pros-per-ity, mm, pro-fit. Lovely. Well, go on.

SIL

I can vouch for the integrity of Concorp, they have matters well in hand. Their society is stable, the people are docile. There are no political parties to worry about, just a President and a like-minded Board who govern the country.

MAV

(D) Do they have any competition?

SIL

Only an East World conglomerate state, Hang Seng, controlled so ably by my esteemed colleague, Mistress Na. But their research is lagging far behind that of Concorp, thanks to my guidance.

MAV

(D) Then explain to my dull mind why, even with your sage advice, this Concorp outfit is so deeply in debt?



SIL

They have a large non-productive population, the work is mostly done by elite members of Concorp. Did you receive my analysis, Master?

MAV

(D) I did, Sil. (READING OFF SCREEN) G.N.P., eighty-five per cent; no monopoly markets; unemployment seventy-one per cent; ... against a fourteen billion credit loan?! No, I cannot allow that amount.

SIL

Master, please...

MAV

(D) Not in full. Twelve billion credits is the maximum I can authorise at this time, but only if the loan repayment rate is increased by a further two per cent.

SIL

Thank you, wise Lord Mav. I will put that to them.

MAV

(D) Discipline, Sil; probity; integrity must be your watchword with these foreign creatures. You must instruct them in the ways of finance that has made Thoros Beta supreme. Others may wish to conquer all known worlds, but why bother when we can buy them up and take them over? (CACKLES AND WHEEZES)

FX: MESSAGE CUTS OFF.

**Scene 5: EXT. ALIEN BEACH**

FX: AS BEFORE

FLIP  
(SIGHS HEAVILY)

DOCTOR  
What is it? What's the matter?

FLIP  
It's just – (ANOTHER SIGH)

DOCTOR  
Am I to take it, Miss Jackson, that you are bored?

FLIP  
Tranquillity's not exactly my scene, Doctor.

DOCTOR  
Well, what would be more your scene, Flip? Bungee-jumping off the Colossus of Rhodes? Off-roading through the Hanging Gardens of Babylon? Free-diving to the ruins of Atlantis?

FLIP  
All right, no need to get – Hang about. Atlantis? Seriously?

DOCTOR  
Depends which Atlantis, of course. There are several.

FLIP  
Any Atlantis. I'll take any Atlantis, any day [you like.]

FX: A SHRILL INSISTENT PULSING SOUND BEGINS TO BE HEARD NEARBY – AN ALARM FROM INSIDE THE TARDIS.

FLIP  
What's that racket?

DOCTOR  
(UNEASY) Oh, that, nothing; nothing at all.

FLIP  
It's coming from the TARDIS.

DOCTOR  
Is it? Oh, well, even if it is, it's nothing to worry about.

FLIP  
You sure? Sounds like it's gonna self destruct or something.

DOCTOR

No, nothing like that. Just ignore it, it will soon go away. I hope.

FX: THE ALARM CONTINUES TO SOUND.

**Scene 6: INT. CONCORP – BOARDROOM**

FX: DISTANT SKY TRAFFIC AS BEFORE. DOORS SLIDE OPEN. SIL IS BORNE IN.

BOSCOE

Well, Sil? Did your masters agree to the loan?

SIL

(TO BEARERS) Place me here, bearers, here! Beside Mr President!  
(TO BOSCOE) The U.M.F. has consented to advance Concorp a further twelve billion credits –

BOSCOE

Good news!

SIL

... but at an increased rate of interest. Three per cent!

BOSCOE

That's exorbitant, impossible. We will go elsewhere, these rates are beyond extortionate!

SIL

Mr President, I quite agree. Might you be able to accept, say, two per cent extra?

BOSCOE

Two-? (BEAT) Yes, all right, agreed.

SIL

Contingent on one further condition.

BOSCOE

What would that be, exactly?

SIL

That you allow a representative of the U.M.F. to take a place on your board.

BOSCOE

Was a name suggested?

SIL

It was.

BOSCOE

And?

SIL

The name put forward was that of Sil.

BOSCOE

What a surprise.

SIL

I will be a most valuable addition, beside you in this Boardroom. You will need my guidance to implement the stringent measures that lie ahead, will you not, Amadeus? May I call you Amadeus, since it will be my hand plucking on your purse strings?

BOSCOE

You can call me whatever you like, just pay that loan into the Treasury.

SIL

Right away, my dear Amadeus.

HE CHORTLES A LITTLE.

**Scene 7: EXT. ALIEN BEACH**

FX: THE TARDIS DISTRESS CALL GROWS EVER LOUDER.

FLIP

You're not planning on sleeping through this racket?

DOCTOR

(SLEEPILY) It will stop soon, distress signals usually do.

FLIP

Distress-? Did you say 'distress signal'? (SHAKES HIS HAMMOCK – IT CREAKS NOISILY) Doctor, what's going on?

DOCTOR

Mind my hammock! – Oh, all right. Each TARDIS has a facility that sends out a distress call, for when a Time Lord finds themselves in extreme danger.

FLIP

Like an SOS?

DOCTOR

Exactly.

FLIP

Shouldn't we answer it, then?

DOCTOR

Someone on Gallifrey is bound to have heard it by now.

FLIP

Then why is the alarm still sounding?

THE ALARM BECOMES EVER MORE INSISTENT.

DOCTOR

Just ignore it.

| FLIP

| I can't stand this noise. Do something, Doctor, right now!

| DOCTOR

| It's not my responsibility!

| FLIP

| What's the matter with you? You feeling your age?

| DOCTOR

| I am no age at all, as Time Lords go. I'm in my prime, yes, my absolute prime, absolutely.

| FLIP

| Buried in that hammock, you don't create that impression.

| DOCTOR

| I know, but it's so lovely.

| FLIP

| Where's your sense of adventure gone? How can you be deaf to a fellow Time Lord's cry for help?

| DOCTOR

| Yes, well - I have to admit, a couple of things are beginning to bother me.

| FLIP

| What's the first?

| DOCTOR

| Your somewhat flippant attitude to me, young lady.

| FLIP

| And the second?

| DOCTOR

| Why has that alarm been sounding so long? Something is very much amiss. (FX: HAMMOCK CREAKS AS HE LEAPS OUT) Right, young Flip, duty calls! Come on, stir your sticks!

| FLIP

| Me-?

| DOCTOR

| (HEADING TO TARDIS) No use sitting around when there's a soul in need of saving-!

| FLIP

| Unbelievable. (FOLLOWING HIM ACROSS SAND) Hey, wait up-!

**Scene 8: INT. CONCORP – LABORATORY**

IN THE B.G. ARE THE WHIRRS AND BEEPS OF COMPLEX SCIENTIFIC MONITORING EQUIPMENT.

SIL

Mistress Cordelia, what progress to report?

CORDELIA

Your translator device needs adjustment, Sil. The term 'mistress' is misleading and most inaccurate.

SIL

I've an upgrade on order, you must make allowances... my dear.  
(GURGLES)

CORDELIA

Just 'Cordelia' will suffice for our business dealings.

SIL

Business, yes. What progress on our 'special project'?

CORDELIA

Nothing further since the last time you asked, which was yesterday.

SIL

This does not please me. I can have this laboratory closed, your research funding withdrawn!

CORDELIA

Virological research is a complicated process. I am taking pains to ensure the antidote is a complete success.

SIL

Pain? You are causing me pain with your shally-shillying! [SIC]

CORDELIA

You promised me another Time Lord. Where is he?

SIL

Moves are afoot. But please... Cordelia... try not to spoil him, the way you did the last!



**Scene 9: INT. TARDIS – CONTROL ROOM**

FX: TARDIS STATIONARY. ALARM CONTINUES. BLIPS AND BLEEPS AS DOCTOR FIDDLES WITH CONTROLS.

DOCTOR

That's odd. The call seems to be emanating from Earth, but I can't seem to fix the temporal co-ordinates. Let's try again, shall we...?

FLIP

(LOUD, OVER NOISE) Yeah, can you find the 'mute' button while you're about it?

FX: DOCTOR CUTS ALARM.

DOCTOR

Better?

FLIP

Just a bit.

FX: BUTTON-PRESSING.

DOCTOR

Now, those co-ordinates. There they go, spinning, spinning...

FLIP

Forward or back?

DOCTOR

Forward from your time, I think... yes, the year twenty-three eighty-two! Twenty-fourth century, can't remember too much about that period.

FLIP

I certainly can't.

DOCTOR

Well, there's your call to adventure, Miss Jackson.

FLIP

Let's answer it, ay?

FX: DOCTOR BEGINS TARDIS DE-MATERIALISATION.

**Scene 10: INT. CONCORP – PRESIDENTIAL APARTMENT**

FX: SIL IS EATING NOISILY.

BOSCOE

(DISTASTE) How are the 'marsh minnows', Sil?

SIL

(MOUTH FULL) Acceptable, a trifle better than your last attempt, Mr President.

BOSCOE

Fish are a rare commodity. I had our vitro food designers build you a replica product specially.

SIL

Won't you be joining me?

BOSCOE

I seem to have lost my appetite.

SIL

(GOBBLES DOWN A FEW MORE THROUGH:)

BOSCOE

I must say, the meeting went well. Your ideas seemed reasonably well received by the rest of the Board.

SIL

Apart from that woman person.

BOSCOE

Kristal? Yes, Kristal is something of a liberal recidivist; she is our voice of conscience, not to be taken account of.

SIL

Most wise, most wise, but your main economic problem remains. Too many mouths to feed, too many unearned home comforts. Their benefit payments are the reason I have been sent here to find a radical solution to resolve your dilemma.

BOSCOE

At least civil unrest is not a factor we need concern ourselves with.

SIL

Thank the Great Morgo for that.

**Scene 11: INT. TUBE PLATFORM/TUNNEL**

FX: SOUNDS OF TARDIS MATERIALISATION. DOOR OPENS.

FLIP

Where are we?

DOCTOR

Somewhere underground.

FLIP

Not just somewhere underground. The Underground! The Tube! Where I first met you, sort of.

FX: DOCTOR CLOSES TARDIS DOOR.

DOCTOR

I must say, Flip, you have the eyesight of a nocturnal animal. I can barely make out a thing in this gloom.

FLIP

Me neither, but I'd know the smell anywhere. Oily engines and sweaty passengers, eurgh.

DOCTOR

(RUMMAGING) Hold on, I usually keep a torch in the pockets of my coat...

FLIP

That coat of yours could light the way on its own.

DOCTOR

(PRODUCING TORCH) Ah-ha!

FX: CLICKS TORCH ON.

FLIP:

What did I tell you? Embankment.

| DOCTOR

| No use waiting for a train, I believe there hasn't been one for quite some time.

| FLIP

| Yeah, 'We are sorry for the three-hundred year delay to your journey and apologise for any inconvenience this may cause.' All right, then: which way to the TARDIS in distress?

DOCTOR

All in hand. If you could just take the torch? – Thank you.  
(PRODUCING SOMETHING ELSE FROM POCKETS) We can triangulate its position by using this handy little gizmo I picked up at the Garazone Bazaar.

FX: ACTIVATES GIZMO; IT BIP-BIP-BIPS.

Yes, and what it's telling me is we go... that-a-way.

FX: SHUTS OFF GIZMO.

FLIP

What, into the tunnel? Looks dead creepy, a real rat hole.

DOCTOR

(TEASING) Why – don't you like rats, Miss Jackson?

FLIP

It's not that I don't like rats. I just don't think they'll like me.

DOCTOR

Did I never tell you about the time I spent as a ratcatcher in Hamelin? (JUMPS OFF PLATFORM; CALLS UP) Come on, hop down off the platform.

FX: FLIP JUMPS ONTO THE TRACK. DUST KICKS UP.

FLIP

(COUGHS)

DOCTOR

Yes, 'Dust of ages...'

FLIP

Most of it in my throat. (COUGHS)

THEY START TO WALK INTO THE TUNNEL.

FLIP

(WALKING) Wonder how long it's been since these tracks were live?

DOCTOR

(WALKING) A long time indeed, judging by the depth of oxide coating. They're almost rusted away.

FLIP

(WALKING) Rusted? Down here?

DOCTOR

(STOPPING) Well, the River Thames is directly above our heads. Without regular maintenance, moisture will soon seep through.

FLIP

(COUGHS AGAIN) Moisture, yes – tell you what, Doctor, I could really use something to drink.

DOCTOR

I'd have brought some Delicia with us, but someone made me spill the last of my supply. – Look now, there's an opening ahead!

FX: THEY SET OFF AGAIN. CROSS TO:

**Scene 12: INT. TUBE PLATFORM**

AT THE FAR END OF THE TUNNEL:

FX: PAN RATTLES A SMALL CAGE.

CERISE

Anything in there, Pan?

PAN

Not today. Rats are intelligent, they're getting wise to the traps.

CERISE

So hungry, Pan. It's been days now.

PAN

You were right, Cerise. It's no good waiting for the food to come to us, [we'll have to go hunting.]

FX: IN B/G, THE DOCTOR AND FLIP APPROACHING DOWN TUNNEL.

FLIP

(OFF, APPROACHING – TALKING TO DOCTOR) Hang about, I thought the Piper was the bad guy?

DOCTOR

(OFF, APPROACHING) The legend got garbled in the telling, of course. No, all was not as it seemed, in the mountains of Lower Saxony in the year 1284...

CERISE

(ALARM) Pan...! Pan! There, in the tunnel! Bakerloonies!

PAN

(CALLING OUT) You two – get away, we've got nothing you want!

FX: THE DOCTOR AND FLIP ARE AT THE MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL.

DOCTOR

I do beg your pardon. Is yours a private platform?

CERISE

Please! It's the end of the month, we've spent all our credits.

PAN

(THREATENING) You don't belong here, get back to your own line!

FLIP

You mean, like the Bakerloo line?

CERISE

Yes, where else?

PAN

This is the Northern line. We are Northernliners.

CERISE

We have no truck with Bakerloonies.

DOCTOR

Well, we are not of the Bakerloo persuasion.

CERISE

Liar! That's what Bakerloonies do – lie and cheat, sneak down tunnels, steal our food and water.

FLIP

Water, you have water?

PAN

Not fresh. Only bottled.

FLIP

Even better.

DOCTOR:

Look, do you mind if we come up onto the platform?

CERISE

Watch him, Pan.

FX: DOCTOR CLIMBS UP ONTO PLATFORM.

DOCTOR

We mean you no harm. We're searching for a fellow traveller who may be in serious trouble. But if you could spare my young friend a little water, it would be much appreciated.

FX: FLIP CLIMBS UP AFTER DOCTOR.

FLIP

Just leave it, Doctor. I'll go without.

CERISE

"Doctor"?

PAN

Give the girl some water, Cerise.

CERISE

You're sure?

PAN

If they were Bakerloonies, they wouldn't ask, they'd take. Besides – look at her, she's desperate, she's ready to tox out. [IE, THINKS SHE'S AN ADDICT]

CERISE

All right... Here, catch!

FX: SHE THROWS A HALF-EMPTY PLASTIC BOTTLE AT FLIP. SLOSHES.

FLIP

(CATCHING IT) Whoa!

CERISE

Have the lot, it's nearly empty.

FLIP

Are you sure-?

PAN

We only kept it for emergencies.

FLIP

Cheers, then. (DRINKS) Oh, that is so good... Mm, thank you. (OFFERING BOTTLE) Doctor...?

DOCTOR

No, thank you. I'm still full of Delicia.

CERISE

Are you really a doctor?

DOCTOR

Well...

CERISE

I'm a doctor. Well, at least I was a doctor – until they brought in robo-scans.

| DOCTOR

| 'They', being?

PAN

Concorp, of course. I was a pharmacist, until Concorp closed down all non-company outlets. What's she to you, the girl?

DOCTOR

Miss Jackson is – well, you could call her my assistant.

CERISE

Like a nurse?



FLIP

(HAVING DRAINED BOTTLE) Some of the time, yeah. Oh, that's better.

PAN

You'll be on your way now, then?

DOCTOR

Yes, I think so.

PAN

Way Out's at the far end of the platform. The stairs'll take you above ground.

DOCTOR

Yes – now we're on the other side of the river, above ground is where we need to be. Ready, Flip?

FLIP

Ready? Me?

DOCTOR

(ODD) Yes, you.

FLIP

Me, I'm ready. I'm ever ready, me. (SHE GIGGLES FOR NO REASON)

DOCTOR

Are you quite all right, Miss Jackson?

FLIP

Never better!

PAN

(SLIGHT DISGUST) Now she's had her water fix.

FLIP

Exactly! (GIGGLES) Lead on, Doc.

FX: THEY WALK. CROSS TO:

**Scene 13: INT. TUBE – IMMOBILE ESCALATOR UP**

| FX: FADE UP THE DOCTOR AND FLIP TRUDGING UP STEPS.

DOCTOR

| (PUFFING) A couple of centuries back, I'd have scaled this escalator like a mountain goat. (CALLING BACK) You were right, Flip – I'm a Time Lord, not a beach bum.

FLIP

(STOPS, SPACED OUT) Beach bum. Cool. You are so cool, Doctor.

DOCTOR

(STOPPED) If anything, I'm a little overheated.

FLIP

(GIGGLES) You're dead funny, too.

DOCTOR

Cool, dead and funny? Well, it wouldn't be much of an epitaph, but it'd do. Come on, not much further now. I think I see daylight.

FX: HE STARTS TO CLIMB THE STAIRS AGAIN – THEN STOPS, TURNS.

DOCTOR

Flip? This is no place for a sit-down. Once we're above ground, I can recalibrate the location of this TARDIS in distress.

FLIP

I was just thinking – we're so lucky, Doctor. So very very lucky.

DOCTOR

Flip? Is something the matter?

FLIP

(DREAMILY) No, no. I just want to sit here and think about how lucky we are. Don't you think we're lucky, Doctor?

DOCTOR

Being stuck on a broken-down escalator covered in several centuries' worth of accumulated grime is not my idea of luck.

FLIP

But it's so high. It's amazing.

DOCTOR

Flip, look at me. Open your eyes, wide, wider. Yes, as I thought. (HAULING HER UP) Come on, let's get you up on your feet.

FLIP

(FLOPPY) Just leave me here, Doctor. I want to chill.

DOCTOR

Up the stairs, young lady! Move!

FX: HE DRAGS HER UP. CROSS TO:

**Scene 14: EXT. WATERLOO STATION**

FX: FADE UP HEAVY RAIN. SOME DISTANT RIVER TRAFFIC AND THE OCCASIONAL WHOOSH OF A SKY CAR AS THE DOCTOR AND FLIP EMERGE FROM UNDERGROUND.

FLIP

Where's the fire, Doctor? You need to relax. – (REALISATION) Oh wow. Rain. I love the rain, don't you?

DOCTOR

Flip, listen to me. I think the water you were given back there must have been contaminated.

FLIP

Whatever.

DOCTOR

Contaminated with a sedative of some sort, maybe even a psychotropic drug. Whatever it contained is affecting your personality; your perception, too.

BEAT.

FLIP

Pffaww, I feel just great. Have you seen, it's raining? Rain, wow!

DOCTOR

It's nothing to get excited about. Now: whatever this poison is, we need to flush it out of your system, fast. – (REALISATION) It's raining!

FLIP

I told you...! Isn't it amazeballs?

DOCTOR

Rainwater, that's what we need. Here, Flip – you see that drainpipe? I'm going to pull it off the wall.

FLIP

Ooh, you rebel!

FX: DOCTOR TUGGING AT DRAINPIPE. SCRAPING AGAINST BRICK.

DOCTOR

It's not vandalism, it's a medical emergency-!

FX: FIXING GIVES WAY; WATER COMES POURING OUT OF GUTTER ABOVE, IN A TORRENT.

DOCTOR:

There, that's got it.

FLIP

It's like a waterfall... Cool.

DOCTOR

Isn't it just. (STEERING HER) And you, young lady, are in urgent need of a very 'cool' shower!

FLIP

Don't be silly.

DOCTOR

(SHOVING HER) Under you go!

FLIP

(SHOVED UNDER TORRENT) What-? Doctor, no - (CHOKES AND SPLUTTERS)

DOCTOR

Open your mouth! Drink! Drink as much as you can! It's pure water, it will flush away any mind affecting residue.

FLIP

(SPLUTTERS) Doctor, please -

DOCTOR

Drink!!!

FX: CROSS FROM TORRENT OF WATER TO:

**| Scene 15: INT. CONCORP – EXECUTIVE SAUNA**

**|** FX: SIL BEING BATHED BY ONE OF HIS ATTENDANTS. SOUND OF WATER DOUSING HIS PERSON.

**|** SIL

**|** (ECSTASY) Ah, ooo, yes, yes, yes, yes! Again, servant, pour it  
**|** over me again...(MORE WATER IS Poured ON HIM) Yes, oh yes - not  
**|** too quickly, you dolt! I wish to see how my skin glistens and  
**|** sparkles, such a lovely shade of green, deeply verdant and  
**|** lustrous. (MORE WATER) Oh, argg, ooh! (PLEASURE), Such perfect,  
**|** volcanic mineral water. Pity it costs so much to have it tankered  
**|** in from the planet Tigus... but sooner that than imbibe so much as  
**|** a single drop from the public water supply, hmm? (BEAT) More,  
**|** slave! More! (GURGLES)

FX: FADE.

**Scene 16: EXT. SOUTH BANK**

FX: FADE UP RIVER BACKGROUND. THE RAIN HAS STOPPED. SKY CARS ZOOM ACROSS THE SKY FROM TIME TO TIME.

A SOOTHING FEMALE VOICE IS PLAYING ABOVE WHERE THE DOCTOR AND FLIP ARE SEATED.

AUTOMATIC VOICE

... You are seated opposite the place where democracy died one hundred and fourteen years ago, along with the politicians that had brought ruin to the nation formerly known as the United Kingdom. How fortunate that a company of Concorp's stature and integrity was able to buy up the nation's last remaining assets [in order to revitalise not only the economy, but also the happiness of all the people. Concorp loves you.]

FLIP COMES AWAKE WITH A START.

FLIP

What, where – what's that voice?

DOCTOR

Back with us, Miss Jackson-? Good.

FLIP

Oh, I'm soaking. – Hang about, isn't this the South Bank?

DOCTOR

In your time, perhaps. Here in the twenty-fourth century, it appears to be part of what's known as the Westminster theme park – as this rather handy tourist information post has been telling me, repeatedly, throughout the time you've been asleep.

FLIP

Asleep? Have I been out of it long?

DOCTOR

Long enough. The water you were given contained a cocktail of drugs that distorted your sense of reality.

FLIP

Those two freaks in the underground – they gave me spiked water! Why?

DOCTOR

I'm not sure. But while I've been sitting here waiting for you to recover your senses I've been watching the people passing by, all of them with happy grins on their faces, all praising the beauty of the riverside.

FLIP

Beauty? It's a complete dump! Look at the river, it's all choked up with rubbish!

DOCTOR

Certainly, there's no water flowing. Nothing to drink here. Well, nothing other than bottled water labelled with the logo of this company, 'Concorp'.

FLIP

What, so everyone's drinking the same dodgy water?

DOCTOR

Everyone I've seen passing by, yes. And look – there's that logo again, at the top of that vast skyscraper over the river.

FLIP

So it is! (REALISATION) Hold on. That broken-down ruin it's sticking out of – isn't that...?

DOCTOR

The Houses of Parliament, yes. Which is where I believe our TARDIS distress call is coming from.



**Scene 17: INT. CONCORP – BOARDROOM**

FX: A NOISY BOARD MEETING IN PROGRESS.

KRISTAL

Mr President, are you suggesting that our main chemical factories may have been sabotaged?

BOSCOE

Nothing of the sort, Kristal. An unfortunate accident.

KRISTAL

But they are out of action?

BOSCOE

Only on a temporary basis.

SIL

I do not welcome this word 'sabotage.'

BOSCOE

It is merely one of many possible causes being investigated.

SIL

Disruption to the P.P.M.C. programme could be very costly! It might lead to insurgency! Insurrection!

BOSCOE

That is why I have already commenced negotiations with an outside provider, to ensure that we are fully stocked.

KRISTAL

'Another provider' – do you mean the Hang Seng?

BOSCOE

As I say, we are in negotiations.

KRISTAL

Mr President – the Hang Seng are our greatest rivals, they'd like to see us reduced to rubble, how can we possibly [trust them?]

FX: JAUNTY RINGTONE.

SIL

Oh! That's me. Excuse me, Mr President... woman.

BOSCOE

Can't it wait, Sil?

SIL

(INTO COMMUNICATOR) Cordelia! Is this important?

CORDELIA

(D, THROUGH COMMUNICATOR) You instructed me to inform you the moment there was any development in the Time Lord situation.

SIL

Well, what has happened?

CORDELIA

(D) Two unregistered consumers appear to have answered our call.

SIL

What – are they are in the jaws of the trap?

CORDELIA

(D) Almost.

**Scene 18: INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS – CORRIDOR**

FX: WALKING THROUGH RUIN. BIP-BIPPING OF THE DOCTOR'S DEVICE.

FLIP

What happened here? Did Guy Fawkes get resurrected or something?

DOCTOR

(DISTRACTED) What-?

FLIP

He wanted to blow up this place, he'd be pleased to see it's now a demolition site.

FX: UPPED BIPPING.

FLIP

Sounds like we're getting warm.

DOCTOR

(HURRYING) I think it's in the main chamber!

**Scene 19: INT. HOUSE OF COMMONS – MAIN CHAMBER**

FX: LARGE DOUBLE DOORS PUSHED OPEN.

FLIP

Oh, wow! This is it, isn't it? – Just like on the telly. Well, except without all the chinless baldies going 'rar, rar' at each other, and some bloke in a dress droning on about 'the ayes on the right' –

DOCTOR

(SOFTLY) Eyes straight ahead, Flip.

FLIP

That's bonkers. It looks like a – a tree. An old oak tree, growing out of the floor.

DOCTOR

It's not a tree, Flip. Ah, no, no, not him!

FLIP

What's the matter, Doctor?

DOCTOR

That's not an oak tree, it's a TARDIS. And I know just who it belongs to...!

FLIP

Why have you gone whiter than white?

DOCTOR

Because that is the TARDIS belonging to Anzor!

FLIP

Anzor?

DOCTOR

A bully who made my life a misery, back on Gallifrey. – only Come on, Flip, we're leaving.

FLIP

What, after all the trouble we went to, to get here?

DOCTOR

If Anzor's in trouble, he's welcome to it.

FLIP

Get a grip, Doctor. We're here now, aren't we? (WALKING UP TO TREE) So how do we get into it? Knock on the tree trunk, pull on a branch, or what?

DOCTOR

If Anzor was here, he'd have shown his face by now. (TURNING) But he hasn't, so –

SIL

(FROM DOORS BEHIND) Ah, Doctor. How very good of you to answer my call.

DOCTOR

Oh, no. You-!

FLIP

That's him? That green thing?

DOCTOR

That's not Anzor, Flip. No – that particular monstrosity is known as Sil.

FX: 6 X RUSHING PAST SIL TO SURROUND FLIP AND THE DOCTOR.

SIL

Guards, cover both sides! – So, Doctor, I see you have another female 'companion'. Good, she can join you in assisting my latest enterprise.

DOCTOR

Your last 'enterprise' ended in total disaster. The definition of insanity, Sil, is to repeat actions that always bring about the same negative result.

SIL

Not this time, Doctor. Guards, are your weapons primed? – Then fire, you dullards, FIRE!

FX: THERE IS A BURST OF STACCATO PHASER FIRE THAT BRINGS DOWN FLIP AND THE DOCTOR. SIL LAUGHS WITH MANIACAL INTENSITY.

**END OF PART ONE**

**PART TWO**

(NO REPRISE)

**Scene 20: INT. CONCORP – CELL**

FLIP

(SUDDENLY AWAKE) Ah! Doctor? Doctor, there you are! Oh, Doctor – I had the most terrible dream. I drank this dodgy water and then, like, we were in the House of Commons with this horrible sort of slug-man thing who had us both shot!

DOCTOR

For a time, I imagined I was back on Tranquillity. Alas, when I woke up, I was stuck here with you in this cell.

FLIP

Cell? You mean –

DOCTOR

You have rather less of an imagination than I do, young lady. Unfortunately, it seems that Sil had his guards' guns set to stun, not to kill.

FLIP

What do you mean, 'unfortunately'?

DOCTOR

I mean that whatever Sil has planned for us, it can only be worse than death.

FLIP

Worse? How?

FX: HEAVY DOOR CLUNKS OPEN.

DOCTOR

I imagine we're about to find out.

SIL, CARRIED BY HIS BEARERS, ENTERS.

SIL

Place me down opposite to the prisoners. Not too near, out of their reach, you oafs! – yes, here, so I can gaze at our guests in perfect safety. (BEAT) Doctor. What a sublime pleasure to meet with you once more.

DOCTOR

The feeling is not reciprocated, Sil.

FLIP

Where are we? What are you going to do to us?

SIL

Your new home is here in the research laboratories at Concorp HQ, where you will shortly donate your repulsive persons to the advancement of medical science. (GURGLES WITH PLEASURE) How fortunate, Doctor, that it should have been you who chose to answer my call.

DOCTOR

Your call? So where's Anzor?

SIL

Your fellow Time Lord is also in... custody. (LAUGHS)

FLIP

Sil – that's your name, right? Shouldn't you be looking for a stone to crawl back under?

SIL

Your new little friend fails to amuse me, Doctor. Haven't you told her what happened to your last female companion? – now what was her name? Terry? Jerry? Merry? Not so merry at the finish, eh?

DOCTOR

Her name was Peri.

SIL

And where is she now, Doctor? Hm?

DOCTOR

I –

FX: CORDELIA ENTERS, WITH TWO GUARDS IN ATTENDANCE.

CORDELIA

Sil? I'm ready to begin.

FLIP

(TAKING THE MICKEY) Ah, here we go... A woman in a white coat. She come to take you away, has she Sil?

SIL

Allow me to introduce Miss Cordelia, in charge of this laboratory.

CORDELIA

So this is the infamous Doctor. The girl, who is she?

DOCTOR

Her name is Phillipa Jackson.

FLIP

Flip for short.

CORDELIA

Fascinating. Guards – bring them through to the laboratory hub.

SIL

After you.

FLIP

No, after you.

SIL

Females first.

FLIP

Ladies first, you dummy.

SIL

Whatever, move her along.

FX: ALL SHUFFLE OUT, INTO:



**Scene 21: INT. CONCORP – LABORATORY [CONTINUOUS]**

FX: B/G AS BEFORE.

AS THEY WALK:

DOCTOR

Your laboratory seems remarkably well-equipped, Miss Cordelia. It reminds me of that time I was in Geneva with that doctor – oh, what was his name...?

FLIP

Is this really the time for one of your reminiscences, Doctor?

DOCTOR

... Frankenstein, that was it.

CORDELIA

Very amusing.

DOCTOR

Tell me, what's it all in aid of?

CORDELIA

You Time Lords have a natural immunity to a great many of the diseases at large in the microbial universe.

DOCTOR

We're a resilient bunch, that much is true.

CORDELIA

I intend to break you down, piece by genetic piece, to isolate each and every one of those immunities.

DOCTOR

For what purpose? To combat some disease? Is there an epidemic?

CORDELIA

Not yet.

FLIP

Why the Doctor? Why not this 'Anzor'?

SIL

The female really is as stupid as she seems.

DOCTOR

I thought Anzor had been transported back to the antediluvian swamps. What did you do to him, Sil?

SIL

We used data records taken from his TARDIS to unlock his time transmission settings and recall him to the present. He was a most unwilling participant in our research project, alas for him.

DOCTOR

What did you do?

CORDELIA

Owing to a malfunction within the isolation chamber, Anzor suffered some cellular transmogrification.

SIL

He emerged not in the form he went in. (CHUCKLES)

DOCTOR

So you used his TARDIS, to help you summon another Time Lord?

SIL

Not any other Time Lord, Doctor. Before he went in the chamber, Anzor was keen to explain to us how we might target a distress call at your TARDIS, in particular.

FLIP

Charming. You mean he tried to bargain the Doctor's life for his own?

DOCTOR

That'd be true to form.

FLIP

Well, whatever he got, it sounds like he deserved it.

CORDELIA

The Time Lord known as Anzor was indeed a repulsive specimen.

SIL

What was it he called you, Miss Cordelia? 'Witch', that was it. 'Harpy.' 'Harridan.'

CORDELIA

Amongst other discriminatory terms, unacceptable in civilised society.

FLIP

Sounds a right laugh.

SIL

Would you like to meet him?

FLIP

Not really.

SIL

Oh, but I'm sure the Doctor would. Cordelia, show the Doctor the present state of his fellow Time Lord.

CORDELIA

(CROSSING TO WALL) Now where did I put him?

SIL

Try the upper shelf.

CORDELIA

(COLLECTING BOX) Ah, yes – here he is, hiding amongst the toxin samples.

FLIP

But that's just some titchy box. What's in there?

DOCTOR

Anzor's ashes, perhaps?

CORDELIA

See for yourselves.

FX: SHE CLICKS OPEN THE LID OF THE BOX. FROM INSIDE COMES A SQUEAKY LITTLE VOICE:

MINI ANZOR

Fiddlesticks! Fiddlesticks!

FX: REPEAT IRREGULARLY THROUGH:

FLIP

Ugh! How the-?!

SIL

Lift him out, Cordelia, lift him out!

CORDELIA

There.

DOCTOR

That is Anzor?

FLIP

That pink potato? With his eyes on sticks? That's just rank!

DOCTOR

How did this happen?

CORDELIA

A malfunction of the chromosomes whilst he was inside the isolation chamber. It is unlikely to occur again.

SIL

Fortunate for you, Doctor, that the mistake was made on Anzor – since you are the next in line to enter Cordelia's chamber of horror!

CORDELIA

Guards! Prepare these two for decontamination!

AS GUARDS STEP FORWARD:

FLIP

Wait, wait! What's with the 'they'?

DOCTOR

Miss Jackson is not a Time Lord.

CORDELIA

Every experiment needs a control procedure. Inevitably, she will expire first, but it will be of some interest to see how long you can outlast her.

FLIP

That's horribibble! [SIC]

SIL

(GURGLES) Cordelia, may I beg a favour? May I keep Anzor as a pet?

CORDELIA

He is of no further use to me.

SIL

Thank you. Oh, look the way his eye stalks wave about, just like swamp reeds in the wind.

MINI ANZOR

Fiddlesticks! Fiddlesticks!

FX: URGENT VIBRATING 'PAGER' NOISE.

CORDELIA

That's for you, Sil.

SIL

Oh, what is it now? (CHECKING COMMS UNIT) It appears that President Boscoe has called an Extraordinary Board Meeting. I must attend.

DOCTOR

Well, don't let us stop you.

SIL

I will go at once. Bearers, lift... Not too quickly, you doltards! Cordelia, do not start the infective procedures until I return.

CORDELIA

They will be prepped and ready...

SIL

Oh, I will look forward to that. (LAUGHS AS HE IS BORNE AWAY)

CORDELIA

Guards! Come on, get to it!

DOCTOR

Cordelia, what is it you want, exactly? Ask, and I can help.

CORDELIA

The reaction of your metabolism to viral and bacterial onslaught will provide me with all the answers I need, Doctor.

DOCTOR

Cordelia, you are clearly a hugely intelligent young woman. And I warn you: whatever he's promised you, this association with Sil will bring you [no good]

CORDELIA

Be quiet! I know all about you, Doctor; your twisted tongue, your devious mind.

DOCTOR

I beg your pardon?

CORDELIA

Whatever it is you're about to say, I know full well that it is designed to deceive me.

FLIP

You sure you've got the right Doctor?

CORDELIA

Exactly the right Doctor. A coward who I've long wished to destroy.

DOCTOR

What?!

CORDELIA

(TO GUARDS) Decontaminate them!

**Scene 22: INT. CONCORP – BOARDROOM**

FX: ANOTHER BOARD MEETING IN PROGRESS.

SIL

Emergency? Great Morgo, give me strength! The only words I seem to I hear in this Boardroom are crisis and emergency!

BOSCOE

Because that is exactly what we are faced with.

SIL

Do, please, enlighten me, Mr President.

BOSCOE

A trade dispute has escalated into a crisis. We are running short of the drug narcoplaximine. We have only a few days supply remaining. Unless we can maintain a sufficient level in the public water supply millions of angry sleepers will awaken.

KRISTAL

The Gen-Pop will see things as they really are.

BOSCOE

Turn against the Consumer Corporation [FULL NAME FOR CONCORP]; seek bloody revenge against those who have fed them dreams and visions of unreality.

SIL

(ALARM) Oh dear. Are we well protected?

KRISTAL

Not against the will of the people.

BOSCOE

Nothing could withstand their anger.

SIL

(SOME PANIC) Purchase the drug, manufacture it, obtain supplies! We can't allow the proles to get above themselves!

BOSCOE

We suspect Hang Seng agents are behind the recent sabotage of our pharma factories. We also believe they are creating a worldwide shortage of the drug we seek. They wish to foment revolution so as to bring Concorp to ruin. To cover the shortfall in our drug supply until production can resume will require a further loan of three billion credits.

SIL

Three?!

BOSCOE

That is the price your colleague, Mistress Na, demands.

SIL

What was done with the last load of credits I authorised?

KRISTAL

Spent on the status quo, and repaying exorbitant U.M.F. loan rates.

SIL

Preposterous, my masters will not countenance another request.

BOSCOE

Need they know?

SIL

They will when they review my account at month's end. Reckoning will pour down upon poor Sil then. Unless... yes, I would have to explain the situation, explain how I think such a loan could be repaid, how Concorp could regain solvency. Yes, yes... but I would have to propose a truly radical solution to solve your chronic insolvency. My masters would welcome that.

BOSCOE

How radical?

SIL

Something I have been working on for just such an emergency situation. A scheme to drastically reduce your parasitical population.

KRISTAL

How? We can't starve them.

SIL

Well, of course not! It would take far too long. No, the quickest means is introduce them to our old friends, pestilence and plague!

FX: REACTIONS OF SHOCK AROUND THE TABLE...

**Scene 23: INT. CONCORP – LABORATORY**

FX: THE SOUND OF AN ELECTRONIC SHOWER IN OPERATION – WATER-FREE, ELECTRONIC PARTICLES.

FLIP

I'm all atingle, what's this thing doing to us?

DOCTOR

We're undergoing a thorough cleansing. This is an electronic particle dispenser, designed to cleanse us of all known germs.

FLIP

I've never taken a shower with my clothes on before.

DOCTOR

It seems our 'Miss Cordelia' wants us free of infection – presumably so she can then re-infect us with whatever nasties she likes, under laboratory conditions.

FLIP

The way she looks at us – those cold blue eyes... She doesn't think much of me but she really seems to have it in for you, Doctor.

DOCTOR

I can't imagine why. I've never met her before, I'm sure of that. That said, there is something oddly familiar about her...

FX: THE SOUND OF THE ELECTRONIC SHOWER CEASES.

CORDELIA

(SLIGHTLY OFF) Bring them through.

DOCTOR

(EXITING INTO MAIN AREA) Well, here we are, scrubbed up and squeaky clean.

FLIP

You could eat your dinner off us.

CORDELIA

Guards – escort the subjects to the isolation chamber.

FLIP

(SHOVED) Ow, who you pushing...?

DOCTOR

No point resisting, Flip, we are entirely helpless. Completely in the power of Miss Cordelia... what did you say your name was again?



CORDELIA

You don't know who I am, do you?

DOCTOR

I'm afraid not.

CORDELIA

Look closer, then. It's often said I have my father's eyes.

DOCTOR

Your father-? Did I know him at all?

CORDELIA

More than that, Doctor. You were the person responsible for my father's death!

FLIP

You what-?

CORDELIA

My full name is Cordelia Clare Crozier.

DOCTOR

(REMEMBERING) 'Crozier'...?

**Scene 24: INT. CONCORP – BOARDROOM**

SIL

Fellow members of this Board, I regret to inform you that soon, Concorpia may well suffer outbreak after outbreak of certain... unpleasant diseases.

KRISTAL

What sort of diseases?

SIL

Alien diseases, against which humankind has no immunity. Fortunately, and under my own expert supervision, a young scientist based within this very building is busy harvesting a number of protective vaccines.

BOSCOE

Antigens to protect all necessary members of our society.

KRISTAL

Such as?

SIL

Those of us on this Board, for example. Everybody else, however...

KRISTAL

... what, dies? How can this be contemplated? Mr President?

BOSCOE

Not every last member of the Gen Pop would perish, Kristal.

SIL

I estimate forty-five per cent –

KRISTAL

(‘THAT MANY?!’) Forty-five?!?

SIL

... would survive the initial outbreaks. There would be a second wave, of course, to mop up that many again.

BOSCOE

Concorpia can tolerate a rump ten per cent of especially fit individuals, for unskilled labour.

SIL

(GRUMBLES) That figure still seems a little high to me.

**Scene 25: INT. CONCORP – LABORATORY**

FLIP

Is it true, Doctor? Did you know Cordelia's dad?

DOCTOR

Young Crozier? – I met him, certainly, on the planet of the Mentors. A quite brilliant brain surgeon, who sought to conquer Death itself.

CORDELIA

Which is why you had him killed!

DOCTOR

Hardly. Cordelia, my dear young lady, I'm afraid you've been terribly misinformed. And I can guess by whom.

FLIP

Sil.

DOCTOR

Exactly.

CORDELIA

And now you presume to slander my guardian!

FLIP

Your what?

CORDELIA

It was Sil who sponsored me after my father's execution. It was Sil who paid for the education that ensured I might live up to my father's name!

DOCTOR

I admit, my recall of those days is a little hazy, but whatever your father's fate, he was not 'executed'. And certainly not at my behest!

CORDELIA

Oh, so your 'recall of those days is a little hazy'? How convenient.

FLIP

Gotta admit, Doctor, that does sound pretty weak.

DOCTOR

As a matter of fact, my brain was somewhat scrambled after an intimate encounter with one of young Crozier's mind-warping machines!

CORDELIA

A feeble pretence at amnesia. Oh, how I longed for you to answer Anzor's distress call. Longed? I ached for it. Wherever my father is now, he will look down and rejoice at your being delivered to me.

DOCTOR

I was removed from the scene by my own people, Ms Crozier. Whatever occurred afterwards, I wasn't there!

CORDELIA

Your people were simply protecting their own. In the chaos that followed their manipulation of the Laws of Time, they created a void. That was how my father died: sucked into a timeless absence, never to return!

DOCTOR

I have only fragments of memory from that time. And I'll have you know, Cordelia, that I, too, lost someone when the Time Lords intervened.

FLIP

This 'Peri', right?

DOCTOR

My companion, yes.

FLIP

Sil said. What happened? She died, right?

DOCTOR

Not exactly. It's – well, it's complicated.

FLIP

What kind of explanation is that?

CORDELIA

Complicate things all you like, Doctor, I know the truth. You were the Time Lords' agent. You owe me – and you'll repay your debt by donating your body – and that of your 'companion' too – to the cause of scientific research!

FLIP

Me? His 'companion'? Nah. It's just friends. Really.

**Scene 26: INT. CONCORP – BOARDROOM**

KRISTAL

Mr President? Am I to understand you knew about this alien creature's monstrous scheme?

BOSCOE

You must appreciate, Kristal; as President, I must be prepared to think the unthinkable when it comes to protecting our beloved Concorpia.

KRISTAL

(LOST FOR WORDS) But how could – how could you even – [contemplate]

SIL

Titan cholera can be introduced into the public water supply; rats can be infected with a bacterium christened the New Black Death.

KRISTAL

That's not what I meant.

BOSCOE

Sil, how long before the various antigens become available?

SIL

Soon, Mr President. We have very special individual assisting us. A non-human prepared to donate his body to science in the interest of reducing the cost of welfare benefits by ninety per cent. Grant me permission to proceed and I will allow Concorp a further loan on my own authority.

BOSCOE

Shall we take a vote?

SIL

(ROLLING EYES) Democracy!

BOSCOE

Say 'aye' and I shall authorise Sil to expedite this most radical of solutions.

(SLIGHT PAUSE)

BOSCOE

What is your decision? 'Aye' or 'nay'? Speak!

BOARD MEMBERS [NOT KRISTAL]

(MUMBLE 'AYE')

SIL

I can't quite hear you.

BOARD MEMBERS [NOT KRISTAL]

AYE!

**Scene 27: INT. CONCORP – LABORATORY**

DOCTOR

Ms Crozier – Miss Jackson here is my assistant, a fellow human being not in any way involved with our mutual history, whatever that may be. Let her go.

CORDELIA

How she responds to the viral bombardment, how soon she succumbs will be of value to the project.

FLIP

Doctor, I don't much fancy this. I know I said I wanted an adventure, but being some mad woman's guinea pig comes way down the list.

CORDELIA

You are the main prize, Doctor. As you do battle with the diseases that await you in the isolation chamber, my instruments will track the resistance your immune system summons up to resist the viral onslaught.

FLIP

What sort of diseases do you mean? Cos I'm rubbish with a sniffle. One sneeze and I'm dead for a week.

DOCTOR

I think Ms Crozier has more than the common cold in mind. They're all lined up on the bench here, in vials. (READING) *Cholerae Titanicum*; a nasty little *flavivirus* from the Outer Galaxies; *Yersinia pestis novus*?! You are spoiling us.

CORDELIA

They're not what you think. Merely failed attempts at a panacea. Guards, keep him away from the samples.

DOCTOR

Why? If these are failures, there's no harm in picking up this tube of 'New Black Death' – (GRABS VIAL) – is there now?

CORDELIA

Put that back, Doctor.

DOCTOR

But it wouldn't matter if I did drop it, and smash it open on the floor – would it, Ms Crozier? Oh – except a failed antidote would contain something of the original disease, would it not?

CORDELIA

It... might. But you would be risking the life of your assistant.

DOCTOR

It'd be risking the life of your two security guards. Who will back off! – if they know what's good for them, that is.

CORDELIA

(TO GUARDS) You idiots, he's bluffing!

FLIP

I don't think they're so sure.

DOCTOR

I'm sure they have no wish to inhale the fumes of the New Black Death, if they can possibly avoid it. Right, Flip, I suggest we make ourselves rather scarce.

FLIP

You mean like now?

DOCTOR

Like now, absolutely.

THEY RUSH TO THE DOOR, PULL IT OPEN. AND SLAM IT AFTER THEM.

(BEAT)

CORDELIA

Cowards! Well, don't just stand there – raise the alarm!



**Scene 28: INT. CONCORP – CORRIDOR/RAT ROOM**

FX: THE DOCTOR AND FLIP ARE RUNNING. A KLAXON BEGINS TO BLARE.

FLIP

Where are we running to? We didn't see the way in!

DOCTOR

(TO STOP) Try a door, any door! (EFFORT, PUSHING ON DOOR) Shut tight. Oh, I wish I still had my sonic screwdriver...!

FX: A DOOR SLIDING OPEN, JUST OFF, THROUGH:

FLIP

This one's open –

FX: BUT AS THE DOOR OPENS, A LOUD CHORUS OF HIGH PITCHED RAT SQUEAKS AND SQUEALS GREETES HER. SIMULTANEOUSLY, CLATTERING FOOTSTEPS AT FAR END OF CORRIDOR OFF.

FLIP

Oh pants, it's full of rats!

DOCTOR

Doesn't matter, guards approaching! Inside, quick!

FX: HE PUSHES HER INSIDE, DOOR SLIDES SHUT. DIM KLAXON. AS A PAIR OF GUARDS RUN BY:

FLIP

(HISSED) Doctor, there's hundreds of them!

DOCTOR

All in cages, nothing to worry about.

FLIP

Easy for you to say. I can feel a phobia coming on. What are they here for?

DOCTOR

I don't know. That said, *rattus rattus* was the primary carrier of the original *Yersinia pestis*...

FLIP

They're plague rats? You're saying they're plague rats?! (GOING TO DOOR) I want out of here.

DOCTOR

Just as soon as it's safe.

FLIP

Never mind the guards. Plague rats! Blinking plague rats! Now, Doctor, NOW!

FX: DOOR SLIDES OPEN. UP KLAXON.

DOCTOR

All right, they've gone.

FLIP

Go, go, go!!!

FX: THEY EXIT, RUNNING. DOOR SHUTS.

**Scene 29: INT. CONCORP – CORRIDOR/ELEVATOR**

FX: FADE UP. A LITTLE FURTHER ALONG. KLAXON CONTINUES.

FLIP AND THE DOCTOR HURRY TO STOP.

DOCTOR

Is there no end to this corridor?! (A THOUGHT) Unless – don't tell me it's circular...?!

FLIP

It's not circular.

DOCTOR

Well, thank goodness for that.

FLIP

I think it might be, actually. Look – sign for 'LAB HUB' ahead.

DOCTOR

Well, why'd you say it wasn't?

FLIP

Duh, cos you told me not to?

DOCTOR

Come on, we'd better go back the way we came.

FLIP

Or we could just get in the lift.

DOCTOR

What lift?

FX: LIFT ARRIVES BESIDE THEM. PING. DOORS OPEN.

FLIP

The one I just called. Obv.

DOCTOR

Just get in...

DOORS CLOSE.

**Scene 30: INT. CONCORP – RECEPTION [CONTINUOUS]**

NB: NO KLAXON NOW.

FX: BUSY RECEPTION AREA. LIFT DOORS OPEN.

AUTOMATED VOICE

G.F. One. Doors opening. Concorp thanks you for your work. Concorp where everyone matters.

DOCTOR

Here we are, Reception. Nearly there, Flip. –

FLIP

Yeah, but look at that lot. How many security guards does one evil headquarters need?

SIL

(OFF) Ah, Doctor. Not planning on leaving us?

FLIP

Oh, and look who it isn't.

| SIL

| Guards – arrest them, return them to the laboratory!

FX: GUARDS MOVE TOWARDS THEM, PRIME THEIR WEAPONS.

DOCTOR

Uh uh uh. I still have this little vial of New Black Death. I warn you all, it's ever so fragile.

SIL

(TO GUARDS) Pay him no heed, he's bluffing! I know the Doctor of old, he's revoltingly humane.

FLIP

Not something you'd know much about, slug-features.

DOCTOR

Should this glass break you'll all be dead in three days, along with half of the population of London. Imagine that – the streets piled waist-deep with corpses..

SIL

You think I hire security guards for their imagination?!

FLIP

He's got a point, Doctor.

DOCTOR

Pity, I was just hitting my stride.

FLIP

(STEPPING FORWARD) You know what I think? I think slug-face here is just like them at the head office of Freshgoods.

SIL

What is this 'Freshgoods'?!

FLIP

Supermarket where I used to work. Us lot on the checkouts, the only thing them at Freshgoods ever cared about us was how cheap our labour was. I bet Sil here's the same. So ask yourselves – however little Sil, or Concorp, or whoever it is, is paying you – is it really worth the risk of dying? (BEAT AS THE GUARDS TAKE A STEP BACK) Thought not. Come on, Doctor, they're letting us go.

FX: MAIN DOORS SLIDE OPEN.

SIL

Don't let them leave! You rabble, I'll have you all demoted, you'll be living on scraps underground with the Bakerloonies!

FLIP

Word to the wise, slugface. Next time, give your goons a raise.

SIL

(SPLUTTERS WITH RAGE) A what?! – Stop them, he's bluffing, bluffing!

DOCTOR

Goodbye, Sil.

SIL

You'll be hunted down, Doctor. You'll be back in custody, we'll turn out the militia, you won't escape.

DOCTOR

(EXITING) We just have...

FX: DOORS SLIDE SHUT.

**Scene 31: INT. WATERLOO STATION**

FX: FADE UP CITIZENS WALKING BY, ORDERLY. NOT MUCH BUSTLE.

AUTOMATED VOICE

(OVER PA, IN B/G) The next train for all stations to Concorpia West is at Platform One. [Platform One for all stations to Concorpia West. All passengers for Sub-Europa and the ScandiState are reminded: radiation suits are mandatory. Repeat, mandatory.]

CERISE

(BECKONING) Pan! Pan! Any luck in the refuse stacks?

PAN

No joy, Cerise. The Bakerloonies were all over the Business Class throwouts.

CERISE

I begged a few bags of Concorp handouts. Snucky snacks, melty munches...

PAN

Well, what good's that filth?

CERISE

Not for us, silly. To bait the traps, in the Underground?

AUTOMATED VOICE

(OVER PA) All consumers, stand by for a public address from your President. Uploading.

PAN

Boscoe himself? What's he want, I wonder?

BOSCOE

(OVER PA) Consumers and shareholders, I regret to inform you that dangerous agents are believed to be at large within the capital. Agents in the pay of Concorpia's rivals, trained to distort your reason with insidious lies. The first is goes by the name of 'The Doctor'; his companion is a young female designated 'Flip'.

CERISE

Pan! Aren't they the ones who-?

PAN

Yeah. Yeah, they are.

BOSCOE

Any sighting must be reported to the nearest control point. Anyone with information leading to their capture will be handsomely rewarded. Remember: Concorpia loves you.

ZOMBIE CITIZENS

(ON CONCOURSE; FLATLY, BY ROTE) And we love Concorpia.

FX: THROUGH THIS, CROSS TO THE DOCTOR AND FLIP WALKING.

FLIP

Doctor, did you see that?

DOCTOR

(SOFT MONOTONE) Of course I did. Try not to look so animated, Flip. Concentrate on fitting in with the crowd.

FLIP

Oh, I get it. Slack jaw, dopey gaze...

DOCTOR

Inane looks, vacant smiles.

FLIP

How's this face, too much?

DOCTOR

Not quite enough, take your intelligence quotient down another ten points. That's it, you now look like a member of the Concorpia sleeping class.

FLIP

(DOPEY VOICE) Gee, thanks, Doc.

CROSS TO:

CERISE

Pan! Look, heading to the sub-levels! That's them!

PAN

So it is. Catch up with them, Cerise. I'll meet you on the Southbound.

CERISE

Well, where are you going?

PAN

(LYING) I'm - going to scoop some rainwater. Must still be a few puddles about.

CERISE

Just - watch out for the Marshals, yeah?

PAN

Don't worry, I will. (WALKS OFF)



**Scene 32: INT. CONCORP – LABORATORY**

FX: ATMOS AS BEFORE.

SIL

Incompetence, complete and utter, why was the plague vial on display within the Doctor's reach?

CORDELIA

It wasn't on display, he recognised the name on the label as Yersinia Pestis and realised what it was.

SIL

Thanks to you, Ms Crozier, he has escaped, taking his special immunities with him!

CORDELIA

Then have Concorp's goons return him to me. In a city full of zombies, he'll stick out like the sorest of thumbs.

SIL

He will be found. But if he is not, you will be made to suffer the consequences of your bungling!

**Scene 33: INT. TUBE PLATFORM**

FX: BURNING BRAZIER.

CERISE

I'm sorry, Doctor, Flip. The traps are empty, I've no food to offer either of you.

DOCTOR

Quite all right – Cerise, did you say?

CERISE

Pan will be back soon, with water.

FLIP

Just so long as it's not that stuff you gave me before.

CERISE

We didn't realize. You said you were desperate, we just thought you were going through withdrawal.

FLIP

Yeah, well – I wasn't. I drank what you gave me and it was like all my critical faculties shut down, the world seemed just... fine.

DOCTOR

(TO CERISE) When did you and Pan first realize the water was drugged?

CERISE

I told you, I was a doctor. Six months ago, there was a fault in the pipeline. I was besieged by patients suffering the most terrible of symptoms. That was when I saw Concorpia as it really was. But when the health authorities discovered that Pan and I were gathering rainwater on the roof of the hospital..

FLIP

What, they sacked you?

CERISE

We had no choice but to join the Underground class. (BEAT) Getting cold, it must be past dark. I wonder what's keeping Pan...?

FLIP

I'm sure it's nothing. Least we've got the fire to keep us toasty.

DOCTOR

That reminds me. (PRODUCING VIAL FROM POCKET) A little fuel for the brazier.

CERISE

(READING LABEL) 'Yersinia pestis novus'. Isn't that...?

FX: CHINK, HISS AS DOCTOR PUTS VIAL IN BRAZIER.

DOCTOR

A very nasty little something, best made safe by incineration.

FX: FEET APPROACHING OFF.

PAN

(OFF) Cerise? Cerise, you there?

CERISE

Pan! What kept you?

PAN

(APPROACHING) Just business. You kept the enemy agents with you, good.

FLIP

We're not agents of anyone, we only want to help.

PAN

That's not what the Marshals say.

CERISE

Since when did you care what the Marshals say – (REALISATION) Oh Pan. Pan, you haven't –

FLIP

Haven't what?

FX: CLATTERING OF GUARDS FROM OFF.

KNIGHT MARSHAL

Stay where you are, all of you!

PAN

Don't stress, Cerise. It's alright. I turned in the strangers.

DOCTOR

How very kind.

KNIGHT MARSHAL

Rival agents, raise your hands!

FLIP

Doctor?

DOCTOR

Just do as they say, Flip.

PAN

I've claimed the reward, Cerise. We'll be employed! No more eating rates. We'll have our place in the Upper World again.

CERISE

Pan, how could you-?

PAN

I did it for us, Cerise.

FLIP

For yourself, more like.

DOCTOR

Don't judge Pan too harshly, Flip. I can see clearly how this 'Concorpia' drives people to terrible extremes.

KNIGHT MARSHAL

Citizens, Concorp is grateful for your assistance. You must accompany us to Concorp HQ, to claim your reward.

FLIP

Yeah, thirty pieces of silver.

KNIGHT MARSHAL

I give you scum a clear choice. Walk with us or be rendered unconscious. Which is it to be?

DOCTOR

What do you think, Flip?

FLIP

I say why walk when we can r-

FX: 2 X ELECTRONIC BLASTS, ONE AFTER THE OTHER (AS IN END OF PART ONE). FIRST FLIP, THEN THE DOCTOR, FLUMP TO FLOOR.

KNIGHT MARSHAL

Predictable.

FX: FADE.

**Scene 34: INT. CONCORP – LABORATORY**

FX: ATMOS AS BEFORE.

CORDELIA

(APPROACHING) That was the Knight Marshal's office, Sil. The Doctor and his whatever-she-is are being brought in.

SIL

Then the experiment can begin. We will discover how and why Time Lords are always in the pink – won't we, little Anzor?

MINI ANZOR

Fiddlesticks! Fiddlesticks!

CORDELIA

Put him back in his box, Sil. I don't want him running around my lab.

SIL

Poor little Anzor. No, don't sulk, let me scratch you between your eye stalks, mm, you like that, don't you? Now – let's pop you back into your box, shall we? Let you have some sleepy-byes.

MINI ANZOR

Fiddlesticks! Fiddle...

FX: THE BOX LID CLOSES.

SIL

I trust your next experiment is more successful than the last, Cordelia. I will be less than merciful should you fail me twice. You must succeed, my future prosperity depends on it!

**Scene 35: INT. CONCORP – PRESIDENTIAL APARTMENT**

FX: DOOR SLIDES OPEN

KNIGHT MARSHAL  
President Boscoe, sir?

BOSCOE  
What is it, Knight Marshal?

KNIGHT MARSHAL  
The, er, citizens who helped us apprehend the seditionists. You wanted to thank them personally?

BOSCOE  
I did, I did! Well, show them in.

FX: PAN AND CERISE USHERED IN.

PAN  
Mr President, I must apologise for our appearance. Everything's so clean in here, but we're in rags.

BOSCOE  
Pan, isn't it? And you must be Cerise. Welcome to Concorp.

CERISE  
(QUIET) Mr President.

BOSCOE  
Don't be shy, young lady. You're one of us now. I have decided to grant you both the Concorpia order of merit. Your shining example of civic duty in helping us capture the Hang Seng agents deserves our fullest appreciation.

PAN  
Thank you, sir. (UNCERTAIN) May I... er...

BOSCOE  
Yes?

CERISE  
Pan wants a job, Mr President.

BOSCOE  
Oh! Well, I'm sure a suitable position can be found, now that you have proved your devotion to Concorp. But first – (MILD DISTASTE) – let's get you cleaned up, fed and watered. From our private supply, of course...

**Scene 36: INT. CONCORP – LABORATORY**

SIL

Ah, Doctor. How nice to see you and your seditious little friend suitably restrained. I do hope the straps on your stretchers are uncomfortably tight.

FLIP

(STRAPPED ONTO STRETCHER) The pins and needles are kicking in nicely, if that's what you mean.

CORDELIA

The isolation chamber is ready, Sil. Let's get on with it, shall we?

DOCTOR

(STRAPPED ONTO STRETCHER) Do what you must to me, Ms Crozier, but why should Flip suffer?

SIL

Her disrespectful attitude to me is reason enough!

DOCTOR

You can't condemn her for a little youthful exuberance, Sil.

FLIP

Yeah, were you never young?

SIL

(SPLUTTERING) I am still young, you little-!

FLIP

Oops. Sorry.

SIL

Cordelia! Send them into the chamber of horrors!

CORDELIA

Activating automatic stretchers.

FX: SOUND OF MECHANICAL WHIRRING MOVEMENT THAT SENDS FLIP AND THE DOCTOR CREEPING TOWARDS THE ISOLATION CHAMBER.

DOCTOR

Hold tight, Flip, I'll see you on the other side.

SIL

For her there will be no other side.

CORDELIA

Sealing isolation chamber... now.

FX: CHAMBER IS SEALED OFF WITH A SOUND OF OMINOUS SUCTION.

CORDELIA

All monitors registering. All sensors set and responding.

SIL

Then let the viral bombardment begin! (LAUGHS)

**END OF PART TWO**



**PART THREE**

**REPRISE:**

SIL

*Cordelia! Send them into the chamber of horrors!*

CORDELIA

*Activating automatic stretchers.*

*FX: SOUND OF MECHANICAL WHIRRING MOVEMENT THAT SENDS FLIP AND THE DOCTOR CREEPING TOWARDS THE ISOLATION CHAMBER.*

DOCTOR

*Hold tight, Flip, I'll see you on the other side.*

SIL

*For her there will be no other side.*

CORDELIA

*Sealing isolation chamber... now.*

*FX: CHAMBER IS SEALED OFF WITH A SOUND OF OMINOUS SUCTION.*

CORDELIA

*All monitors registering. All sensors set and responding.*

SIL

*Then let the viral bombardment begin! (LAUGHS)*

SCENE CONTINUES INTO:

**Scene 37: INT. CONCORP – LABORATORY**

SIL'S MAD LAUGHTER FADES INTO A GLOATING CHUCKLE.

SIL

Can we not witness their suffering? I wish to see that 'Flipper' girl pay for insulting my personage.

CORDELIA

There's an infra-red camera, for all it'll show you.

FX: SCREEN ACTIVATION SOUND.

SIL

Mmm. Lovely to see them placed side by side, like mummies in a tomb. Why are their eyes closed?

CORDELIA

There is nothing for them to see, only total darkness. All the activity will take place inside their bodies, as the various bacteria and viral elements strive to overcome the antibodies alerted by their immune systems. That is already beginning to occur, see.

SIL

Oh, I don't understand all this instrumentation, wiggly lines, graphs and figures, lights that blink, things that go beep.

CORDELIA

I thought figures were your strong suit.

SIL

Only when they appear on a balance sheet. Why aren't they showing signs of stress and pain?

CORDELIA

This is a controlled investigation of an alien immune system, not a sideshow put on for your amusement.

SIL

A little trauma, the odd burst of agony, is that too much to ask?

**Scene 38: INT. CONCORP – ISOLATION CHAMBER**

FX: AN EERIE B/G THAT IS MOSTLY SILENT BUT EVERY FIVE SECONDS OR SO MYSTERIOUS ANGRY BUZZES AND HIGH PITCHED MOSQUITO-LIKE SCREECHES BEAM IN AS IF FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION.

FLIP

Doctor? I can't see you. I can't see anything!

DOCTOR

I'm right here, Flip. Try not to panic.

FLIP

Tell me that's not the best plan you've got?

DOCTOR

As a matter of fact, I'm trying to place a field of protection around us by means of telepathic transference.

FLIP

Will it protect me?

DOCTOR

I don't know if it even exists, but I once met a Saturnian swami who swore by it.

FLIP

There's things in here with us! – (FX: CLOSE BUZZ) – There! Did you hear that? Flies, or insects, or something.

DOCTOR

It might be your imagination, literalising the microbial swarm.

FLIP

I'm not making it up. I'm telling you, there's things in here with us!

**Scene 39: INT. CONCORP – LABORATORY**

SIL

Look – there, they're talking to each other. What are they saying? I want to hear. Why can't I hear?

FX: A COUPLE OF BEEPS. SPEAKER VOLUME RAISED BUT THERE'S NOTHING BUT FUZZ.

CORDELIA

No obvious error on the audio monitors. It's as though something in there is absorbing the sound.

SIL

Then call an engineer, your devices are faulty!

CORDELIA

I'm not so sure. (THOUGHTFUL) There was something Anzor said...

SIL

What, 'Fiddlesticks'?

CORDELIA

When he was first put in the chamber, before his transmogrification into your pocket pet, he claimed he'd felt something in there, on the psychic waveband. Some sort of intelligence.

SIL

Pseudo-scientific rot!

CORDELIA

That's what I thought. Now, I'm not so certain.

**Scene 40: INT. CONCORP – ISOLATION CHAMBER**

FX: FLIP'S POV. A SOFT FEMALE VOICE SWIMMING UP FROM THE ETHER.

VELENA

Phillipa. Phillipa...

FLIP

Who's that? Who's there?

DOCTOR

There's no-one else, Flip. Only you and I.

VELENA

Phillipa. Do not be alarmed. My name is Velen, I'm your friend.

FLIP

Doctor, I can hear a voice.

DOCTOR

Yes, mine.

FLIP

I mean, a voice in my head. Hearing voices, that can't be good, can it? – Doctor? Doctor!

DOCTOR

Please, I am trying to focus my admittedly limited telepathic abilities.

VELENA

Calm yourself, Phillipa. Please, relax. What a lovely young body you have. So strong. So healthy. So very, very healthy...

FLIP

It's a woman's voice. Her name is Velen, she's my friend. She says I'm young, strong and healthy. So very, very healthy...

VELENA

Sleep, Phillipa. (AN EDGE OF SOMETHING NASTY CREEPING IN) Sleep, and let... me... in!

FLIP

(SLEEPILY) Sleep, yes. Sleep, and let you in...

DOCTOR

'Sleep'? (URGENT) No! Flip! Wake up! Whatever the voice is, pay it no heed! It's lulling you into a false sense of security, so it can take over your physical form with the minimum resistance.

FLIP  
Seriously...?

DOCTOR  
Before you know it, you'll be colonised by some alien disease, and there'll be no way for you to stop the spread. You must fight her off!

VELENA  
Fanciful beyond measure. Now sleep, Flip. Sleep...

FLIP  
Shut it, freaky voice in my head. I don't know who or what you are, but one thing's for sure, you're no mate of mine!

VELENA  
Disappointing. I was hoping you'd prove... more receptive.

FX: VOICE SWIMS AWAY.

FLIP  
Doctor? I think the voice has gone. I've got rid of her, yes!

DOCTOR  
Quiet, Flip. I'm listening to the band.

FLIP  
The what-?

FX: SLOWLY FADE UP THE SOUND IN THE DOCTOR'S HEAD: AN ARMY ON THE MARCH, SLOW DRUMMING, APPROACHING.

DOCTOR  
The band, Flip. Can't you hear them, marching into battle...?

FLIP  
(FADING) There's no band, Doctor. Doctor, they're attacking you now! Doctor!!!

FX: FULLY IN DOCTOR'S HEAD. MARCHING ARMY APPROACHING...

VODA  
Halt!

FX: COMES TO A HALT.

DOCTOR  
And who might you be? You and your pestilential army?

THE MALE VOICE THAT ENTERS THE DOCTORS MIND IS BRISK, DEEP AND SONOROUS WITH ALIEN OVERTONES.

VODA

Doctor. I am Voda, Great Chief of the Velendari.

DOCTOR

Is that so?

VODA

We are about to engage in mighty battle, you and I. You seem to possess unusually strong fortifications but I have many battalions to send against you.

DOCTOR

Is this to be an entirely metaphysical exchange?

VODA

Sooner or later the walls of your immunity will be breached.

DOCTOR

Don't count on that, Chief.

VODA

I can lose billions and still call billions more to the attack.

DOCTOR

Bully for you.

VODA

You doubt that I can summon such an army?

DOCTOR

Oh, no. There are an awful lot of bugs out there in the microbial universe. Unsurprising, really, that one or two should have developed some sort of binding intelligence.

VODA

We are multitudes. We are unstoppable. But, nevertheless, I wish to offer you a truce.

DOCTOR

How kind. May I ask on what terms?

VODA

Our intelligence grows impatient to leave the confines of the microbial world and occupy the living spaces beyond. To do so we need a point of entry; you. Submit your consciousness to me, and your physical life will be spared.

DOCTOR

Psychic bacteria, now I've heard everything. Tell me, Voda, once you have achieved the transition you seek, what will you do then?

VODA

We will transmit ourselves into the minds of a select group of humans. For us it will a giant step in our evolutionary journey.

DOCTOR

What will you do then, build, create, write books, plays, compose symphonies?

VODA

What?

DOCTOR

What will be your aim, your goal?

VODA

Why, to occupy, to conquer, to put an end to the human experiment.

DOCTOR

What – destroy them utterly?

VODA

A few will remain, as nurseries for our young.

DOCTOR

In which case – I don't believe I can help you, Voda. I think it's best if you and all your microbial chums remain where you are, in the physical realm.

VODA

Then we shall take your mind by force! Prepare yourself for oblivion!

FX: BACK OUTSIDE THE DOCTOR'S DELUSION.

DOCTOR

(TO SELF) Oh, I'm always prepared for that. Flip? Flip!

FLIP

Doctor? You back in the room? What's going on?

FX: IN THE B/G THE SOUND OF VIRAL ACTIVITY STARTS TO GROW LOUDER AND STRONGER AS IF A SWARM OF LOCUSTS WERE GATHERING.

DOCTOR

We are about to suffer a massive onslaught from the legions of the Velendari.

FLIP

They're like, what? Microbes?



DOCTOR

Microbes with ideas well above their station, yes. Our immune systems may yet be able to fight them off –

FLIP

Mine won't! Can't even remember when I last had a tetanus jab!

DOCTOR

TARDIS travel will have given you some additional protection. Another of Rassilon's gifts.

FLIP

Plus I bunked off school the day everyone else had the B.C.G.!

DOCTOR

Flip, listen! It's imperative that whatever physical effects you experience, do not give in to the mental attack! – Now, gather your strength. They're coming. (TO SELF) All right, Voda, let the conflict commence.

FX: BACK INSIDE THE DOCTOR'S HEAD.

VODA

Forward, my army, forward! Ch-a-a-arge!!!

FX: A HUGE ARMY SURGES FORWARD, ROARING. IMPRESSIONISTIC SEQUENCE OF BATTLE – AS AN ARMY CHARGING ON A MEDIAEVAL CASTLE. CLASH OF WEAPONRY, SCREAMS, CRIES OF THE DYING, AS THE DOCTOR AND FLIP'S ANTIBODIES SEEK TO REPEL AND DESTROY THE INVADING HORDES.

FADE.

**Scene 41: INT. CONCORP – LABORATORY**

FX: 2 X EXCITED LIFE-SIGN READINGS ON MONITORS – THE DOCTOR'S WITH DOUBLE HEARTBEAT.

CORDELIA

Look at the Doctor's physical signs. Things are happening in there. He's starting to succumb.

SIL

Succumb to what?

CORDELIA

The New Black Death...

SIL

Excellent!

CORDELIA

... plus Titan cholera, Creeping moon fever, Lasarti's Wasting, lavapox and the Darkspace Plague.

SIL

Lovely.

FX: 2 x LIFE-SIGNS SLOWING...

CORDELIA

Now the readings are fading. They're going to die, both of them.

SIL

But where is the Doctor's resistance? What use is this experiment if the Doctor dies without giving us what we want? (BEAT)  
Cordelia, stop the experiment unless you wish to become the next test subject yourself!

FX: 2 x LIFE-SIGNS PICKING UP AGAIN.

CORDELIA

Wait. Wait! Their life signs are picking up. The Doctor's winning!

**Scene 42: INT. CONCORP – ISOLATION CHAMBER**

DOCTOR

(EXHAUSTED) Wake up. The battle is over, we are victorious.  
Weakened but still inviolable.

FLIP

I've got the king and queen of all hangovers. Headache, dry mouth,  
(HUFFS AND SNIFFS) minging breath, urgh...

DOCTOR

But you're alive, that's all that matters.

FLIP

I heard that witch Velena's voice amongst all that noise. She was  
still trying to sneak past my defences - then I lost her.

DOCTOR

The Velendari are banished, for the time being at least.

FLIP

After surviving this lot, I'll never worry about catching 'flu  
again.

**Scene 43: INT. CONCORP – LABORATORY**

SIL

They have survived?

CORDELIA

The readings suggest that the girl almost succumbed; but that the Doctor's immunities somehow protected her. Sil, do you see what this means?

SIL

That this Flipper creature has the luck of the Great Morgo himself!

CORDELIA

That the Doctor's immunities are transmissible! From the data I've recorded it should be possible to construct a model of his resistance, and turn that into a panacea against all these alien diseases!

SIL

Then I offer you my congratulations, Ms Crozier. You are your father's daughter. (BEAT) Let's have no devil hands for idle work, press on, press on!

| CORDELIA

| The Doctor and his friend need time to recover their strength.

| SIL

| What does that matter? They have served their purpose.

| CORDELIA

| Not quite. I will need the Doctor for further tests. (THOUGHTFUL)  
| I also want to question him about his experience inside the  
| chamber, to see if it tallies with Anzor's account.

| SIL.

| (DISMISSIVE) Chasing psychic phenomena! Where's the profit in  
| that? All I want to see is the look on the Doctor's face when he  
| realises that he has been responsible for my Mentorship being  
| rated most bonus worthy! (GURGLES WITH PLEASURE)

**Scene 44: INT. PAN & CERISE'S APARTMENT**

FX: KEYCARD BLEEP. DOOR OPENS.

PAN

(WALKING IN) This is it, Cerise. An apartment of our own! Three rooms, kitchen, a bathroom. Fully furnished, everything fresh and new!

FX: DOOR CLOSES.

CERISE

Access to the executive water supply, too? So we won't be drinking in placatory drugs, designed to keep us content?

PAN

We're out of that world, now.

CERISE

What about the millions who remain there, Pan?

PAN

They'd change places with us given a chance.

CERISE

Everyone should have that chance.

PAN

Cerise, stop this. I'm going to try the shower – no more waiting in line for the communal bath house for us. Join me? We need to be looking our best for the President's presentation. We're going to be on the public vid, you know!

CERISE.

We can take all the showers we like, we'll never be clean inside.

PAN

You must stop this... These feelings of guilt... We'll be given work to do – paid work, useful work. You might even get your old job back.

CERISE

If I'm a good girl. If I do what Concorp say.

PAN

Concorp look after their own.

CERISE

They also own us.

**Scene 45: INT. CONCORP – LABORATORY**

FX: REVERSE OF AUTOMATED STRETCHERS ENTERING CHAMBER IN PART TWO: PRESSURE IS RELEASED, STRETCHERS BEARING THE DOCTOR AND FLIP SLIDE OUT OF THE CHAMBER TOWARDS CORDELIA AND SIL.

SIL

Ah, hello, Doctor. Did you enjoy your time in splendid isolation in Cordelia's chamber of horrors? No ill-effects, I trust?

DOCTOR

Reseal the chamber, Ms Crozier. Do it now!

FX: THE SOUND OF SUCTION AS THE RESEALING TAKES PLACE.

CORDELIA

It is done.

FLIP

Any chance you could release these straps? I've got dead arms, dead legs, dead everything.

SIL

If only that were true.

DOCTOR

Cordelia, are Flip and I clean? Because if so much as a single microbe should get out of that isolation chamber..

FLIP

Yeah, a right Pandora's Box you've got there.

CORDELIA

I've run three whole sterilisation cycles. You've no need to fear.

FX: URGENT VIBRATING 'PAGER' NOISE.

FLIP

That's you again, Sil. What is it this time? Greengrocers got some fresh lettuce in, for you to crawl over?

SIL

(CHECKING COMMS UNIT) I have a call scheduled with the great Lord Mav, on Thoros Beta. Cordelia, I must depart. Can I trust you not to let these creatures out while I'm away?

CORDELIA

Don't worry, they won't be going anywhere.

**Scene 46: INT. CONCORP – TV STUDIO**

BOSCOE IS ADDRESSING THE NATION.

FLOOR ASSISTANT

(SLIGHTLY OFF) Ready, Mr President? Going to air in three, two, one –

FX: FANFARE TO A ROUSING CONCORPIA THEME. IT ALL GOES A BIT ELGAR, A BIT 'LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY' UNDER BOSCOE'S SPEECH.

BOSCOE

My fellow citizens. I would be failing in my duty to this great nation of Concorpia were I not to warn you that there are those amongst us who seek to disrupt and subvert the workings of our great society. Fortunately, there are heroes among us – and today, it is my privilege to introduce to you two of them, whose brave and selfless actions helped our Knights Marshal capture two ruthless agents of rival powers, including that underground leader known only as the Doctor. Step forward, Pan Connell and Cerise Davies.

PAN

Mr President.

BOSCOE

It is with great pleasure that I confer upon you both the insignia of the Knights of Concordia. As newly promoted Citizens of the Executive Class, wear this honour with pride and humility.

PAN

We will, Mr President, thank you. (HISSED) Cerise-!

CERISE

(FLAT) Yes. Thank you.

BOSCOE

Once again, our sincere gratitude for your actions in defending the interests of us all. My fellow citizens, thank you for listening to your President, I wish you good night. And remember: Concorp cares.

FX: CLOSING FANFARE FLOURISH

FLOOR ASSISTANT

Relax, studio, it's a wrap.

**Scene 47: INT. CONCORP – LABORATORY**

CORDELIA

Doctor, Miss Jackson – I shall need to release you both in order to run you through a further round of decontamination.

FX: DOCTOR'S STRAPS UNDONE.

DOCTOR

Belt and braces, eh, Ms Crozier? Very wise.

FX: FLIP'S STRAPS UNDONE THROUGH:

CORDELIA

Be aware that this lab hub is in lockdown, and that the guards outside have been issued with biohazard suits. So there's little point in trying to bluff your way out of here again.

DOCTOR

Flip? How are you feeling?

FLIP

Bit unsteady on me feet.

DOCTOR

Only to be expected.

FLIP

You're sure I've not got any lurgies or anything?

DOCTOR

Oh, I think I deflected the attentions of your friend Velená.

CORDELIA

Velená?

DOCTOR

One of several intelligent viral entities we encountered inside the chamber. (BEAT) Forgive me, you don't seem completely surprised.

CORDELIA

No. Continue.

DOCTOR

They call themselves the Velendari. They'd like very much to infect human minds, not just their bodies. Whether they existed all along, or have come into being as a result of your experimentation, I cannot say.



CORDELIA

More likely they were figments of your hallucination.

FLIP

They were real all right. Vena spoke to me. A right schmoozer she was.

DOCTOR

I met a warrior chief called Voda. Ms Crozier, I beg you: destroy every last one of your samples. Close down this 'project' of yours.

CORDELIA

Doctor, if I didn't know of your history, I might be intrigued enough to investigate further, but I know you to be a cheat whose every word must be doubted.

DOCTOR

Every word?

CORDELIA

Every one. You are almost superfluous to my requirements as far as this project is concerned. I have the data as to how you combat disease, and only require a few more samples to complete the formula that will allow the creation of the perfect antidote.

DOCTOR

Antidote to what, for what?

CORDELIA

That need not concern you. You will have served our purpose.

DOCTOR

The New Black Death isn't even active in this galaxy. And Titan is hardly a popular tourist destination. Why are you so desperate to conquer such exotic diseases, when altogether more mundane afflictions, such as influenza, surely pose a more urgent threat?

CORDELIA

(MOCKING) Are you quite sure about that, Doctor?

DOCTOR

You're planning an outbreak, aren't you? You and Sil. You're going to let these diseases out!

FLIP

That's totally insane.

DOCTOR

But it makes financial sense. You forget who Ms Crozier's in cahoots with. That's Sil's interest, don't you see? Patent the treatment, release the disease – they'll make billions! Trillions!

CORDELIA

Oh, Doctor. You couldn't be more wrong.

**Scene 48: INT. CONCORP – COMMS CENTRE**

FX: A BURST OF STATIC AND INTERPLANETARY SWASH RISES AND FALLS.  
BOB KEEPS TRYING TO RESTORE CONTACT.

SIL

Why this endless delay?! Connect me to Lord Mav at once!!!

BOB

I'm trying. Bane of my life, Thoros Beta. Thoros Alpha distorts the frequency, see. Sun spots don't help.

BOSCOE

(APPROACHING WITH PAN AND CERISE) ... ah, now, here's someone I must introduce you to. Sil. – Sil! Is something the matter?

SIL

My patience is at an absolute end, Mr President, this dolt cannot raise my home planet for me to make my report and try for further funds.

BOSCOE

I'm sure Bob is doing his very best.

SIL

Who are these persons with you?

BOSCOE

I was just giving these two newly instated Executive Class citizens a tour of the Communications Floor. Pan and Cerise, this is Sil – one of our business partners...

CERISE

Partners? But he's an – [alien]

BOSCOE

... a member of Concorp's Board, yes.

SIL

Aren't you the people who betrayed the whereabouts of the Doctor?

PAN

We are, sir.

SIL

Then my congratulations on putting your own interests first.

BOB

(CYNICAL) The heroes of the month, eh?

SIL

Get on with your work, you, you... functionary!

BOSCOE

Pan is to work on restoring narcoplaxamine to the public water supply. He has been awarded the post of shift supervisor.

PAN

I really am very grateful. Concorp loves me.

SIL

And you? The female? Do you have any skills?

CERISE

I was a doctor, once.

SIL

(INTERESTED) A doctor? Really? We must find you something... productive to do.

**Scene 49: INT. CONCORP – LABORATORY**

FX: FROM FLIP'S POV, WHILE THE DOCTOR AND CORDELIA ARGUE.

DOCTOR

You're a fool to believe this association with Sil will bring you any kind of fortune, Ms Crozier. There'll be a catch. Something in the small print. There always is!

CORDELIA

I have no contract with Sil.

VELENA

(FAINT, IN FLIP'S HEAD) Phillipa...

FLIP

(TO SELF) What?

DOCTOR

Don't tell me all you've got is some kind of gentleman's agreement? That's even worse!

VELENA

(LOUDER, IN FLIP'S HEAD) Oh, Phillipa...

FLIP

(GRITTED TEETH) Shut up, will you?!

DOCTOR

I beg your pardon?

CORDELIA

Doctor, my interest here is purely personal –

DOCTOR

Ssh, ssh, ssh. Flip? Is something the matter?

FLIP

I can hear her, Doctor. Velena. She's come back. She wants me to –

VELENA

(LOUDER STILL, IN FLIP'S HEAD) ... Sleeeeeeeeeeep.

FLIP

Doctor, I – oh...

FX: FLIP PASSES OUT, SLUMPS TO FLOOR, PERHAPS KNOCKING A FEW MEDICAL INSTRUMENTS AWRY – CLATTERING ETC.

DOCTOR

(ALARMED) Flip? Flip!!!

**Scene 50: INT. CONCORP – COMMS CENTRE**

FX: STATIC RESOLVES.

BOB

Here we go. Signal's coming through.

SIL

At last!

MAV

(D, OVER SCREEN) Sil, where have you been, what news, are you there?

SIL

Master Mav, it is I, Sil, the line was broken up by sun spots, galactic storms and frequency interruptus.

MAV

(D) Sil, spare me the inter-galactic weather report. Have you imposed the restrictions on Concorpia the U.M.F. demands?

SIL

They are almost in place.

MAV

(D) Almost? What is this 'almost'?

SIL

I can promise a forty-five per cent reduction of their welfare budget in one weeks' time, followed by a further forty-five per cent the week after.

MAV

(D) Forty-five...? Sil, these figures can only be fantasy!

SIL

President Boscoe is with me, he will confirm all I say.

BOSCOE

The figures Sil quoted are indeed correct, sir, according to our latest projections.

MAV

(D) But won't such a radical reduction cause civil unrest, revolution, anarchy?

BOSCOE

No, we have already made plans for a security clampdown. All precautions will be in place.

SIL

The U.M.F. loan and its payback profits will be safe.

MAV

(D) Do you know what you are doing, Sil? I recall that you have failed on several previous missions.

SIL

Not this time, Master, I promise.

MAV

(D) Then you had better attain these targets, or you will be recalled and re-assigned to the deserts of outer Segoria!

SIL

Please, Master, let's not be too hasty –

FX: BUT MAV HAS CUT SIL OFF. A WHINE OF NON COMMUNICATION.

BOB

He's gone, mate. Anything else I can do for either of you, gents?

BOSCOE

No, thank you, Bob, that will be all.

BOB

(GETTING UP) Good. Might just catch the canteen.



**Scene 51: INT. CONCORP – LABORATORY**

FLIP

(DROWSY) Doctor, I feel so sleepy, I feel as if I could sleep forever.

DOCTOR

(ALARM) No, Flip, no. Stay awake, you must stay awake, do you hear me? – Cordelia, help me get her up on the couch.

CORDELIA

After three. One, two, three – (EFFORT)

FX: AS DOCTOR AND CORDELIA HEFT FLIP:

FLIP

Is it me, or is it getting dark in here? Will they let the rats in?

DOCTOR

We'll be back into the light, very soon.

FLIP

No rats.

DOCTOR

None at all.

CORDELIA

Her temperature is on an upward gradient; dangerously so.

DOCTOR

We must bring it down.

CORDELIA

I can do that.

DOCTOR

Then do it.

CORDELIA

If you agree to assist me in my work.

FLIP

Can't do that, Doctor. Can't help Sil...

DOCTOR

Save her, help her recover and I will show you where you went wrong with Anzor. Time Lord immunobiology is a complicated business.

CORDELIA

But you will help me refine the antigen?

FLIP

No!

DOCTOR

Yes!

CORDELIA

Very well. I will inject her with a prime antibiotic, it's one of the few that remain potent. Hold her arm... (INJECTS)

FLIP

Ow!

CORDELIA

She still feels pain, that's a good sign.

FLIP

(FEVERISH, DELIRIOUS) Great, whoopy-doo, pain, take me to the threshold, take me to meet...

VELENA

(IN FLIP'S HEAD) Sleep.

FLIP

Velena! Hi, how are you? I can hear her, Doctor, she's talking to me, the witch, Velena....

DOCTOR

Don't listen to her Flip, send her away.

FLIP

She wants to be my best mate. Shut up, will you? Get lost, get lost, GET LOST!!

CORDELIA

Shall I sedate her?

DOCTOR

No, she needs to resist; my only hope is that she is re-living a memory and not experiencing reality.

CORDELIA

What reality?

DOCTOR

That she is being over-run by the Velendari.

**Scene 52: INT. PAN & CERISE'S APARTMENT**

FX: SHOWER.

PAN

(OVER NOISE) This is the second shower you've taken today; is it still such a novelty? Cerise?

FX: THE WATER IS TURNED OFF. RUSTLE OF SHOWER CURTAIN.

CERISE

Pass me that towel.

PAN

Why turn away from me, what is it?

CERISE

I was in need of a shower after being paraded around like a pair of prize penguins, all scrubbed up, dressed in our new white uniforms and black jackets, that stupid insignia draped around our necks like fancy dog collars.

PAN

Penguins wearing dog collars?

CERISE

You know what I mean. I have to hurry. I have to report for duty at this Laboratory Hub.

PAN

You're still angry with me, aren't you?

CERISE

You betrayed the Doctor and Flip.

PAN

Someone else would have turned them in.

CERISE

... so why not us? I thought I knew you, Pan, now you seem like another person, a stranger.

PAN

I have a job, forty thousand a month, forty thousand. Enough for us to buy into a protected area, to live safe and free.

CERISE

Free? Stop, please, just, just, stop.

PAN

It was your dream for us to be able to afford children, now we can.

CERISE

Why does this all feel so wrong? That green slug of an alien as good as patted our heads, congratulated us for thinking only of ourselves. Who is he? What is he?

PAN

Sil is a Mentor, an agent of the U.M.F., he advises the President on all things financial.

CERISE

Why was he so keen to give me a job?

PAN

I don't know. This is a strange new world.

CERISE

It frightens me.

PAN

I know.

CERISE

Hold me.

HE TAKES HER TO HIM.

PAN

We'll be fine. New beginnings are always scary. This is our new beginning.

**Scene 53: INT. CONCORP – ISOLATION CHAMBER**

FLIP

(FEVERISH) She's still here, Doctor. Velena, I mean. She won't stop – (CONVULSES) uugh!

DOCTOR

Flip? Flip!!!

FX: SUDDENLY, FLIP'S POSSESSED – VELENA SPEAKING THROUGH HER. EFFECTED DIALOGUE?

FLIP/VELENA

Hello, Doctor.

CORDELIA

That voice. What-?

DOCTOR

The voice of the Velendari. I told you they were real!

FLIP/VELENA

Doctor, I am now at one with the consciousness of your companion. I am ready to colonise her, to infect her completely.

CORDELIA

But the girl was decontaminated. Sterilised!

FLIP/VELENA

I possess this child. All I have to do is think her diseased, and it will be so!

DOCTOR

What good will that do you? If Flip dies, you've lost your host.

FLIP/VELENA

And if you want her to live, you will help me gain access to your world!

**Scene 54: INT. CONCORP – CORRIDOR**

FX: BOSCOE WALKING BRISKLY, SIL BEING BORNE.

SIL

This 'security clampdown' you promised Lord Mav. Do you have enough pacification substances to control the mob?

BOSCOE

We could... but the price being asked by Mistress Na is astronomical.

SIL

Pay it, I will authorise it. We must keep every one happy-happy until the diseases can do their work.

BOSCOE

How soon will the antigens be ready?

SIL

Soon, Mr President, soon. I am on my way to Miss Cordelia, to put a bit of stick about. Rest assured, I have no intention of being exiled to the sandy wastes of Outer Segoria. Uhrrrrr!

(HE SHUDDERS AND QUAILS AT SUCH A PROSPECT)

**Scene 55: INT. CONCORP – LABORATORY**

FLIP

So tired, Doctor...

CORDELIA

The fever is abating. It seems that voice has gone away.

FLIP

Yeah, I told her to get lost.

DOCTOR

So you did.

CORDELIA

The anti-viral treatment seems to be having an effect.

DOCTOR

Let's hope so...

FX: THE DOOR OPENS. SIL, HIS BEARERS AND CERISE ENTER.

SIL

Cordelia! I demand proof of your progress!

CORDELIA

Oh, no. – (CROSSING TO SIL) Sil, this laboratory is in lockdown. I demand you vacate these premises immediately.

SIL

I come and go as I please! – (SUSPICIOUS) Lockdown? Why?

CERISE

(STEPPING FORWARD) The girl, Flip. Can't you see? She's seriously ill.

SIL

Is she? Oh good. (TO BEARERS) Lower me, gently down so I can witness the female on her sick bed.

DOCTOR

Cerise? What are you doing with Sil?

SIL

(REMEMBERING) Oh, yes. – Doctor, say hello to the one of the persons who sold you down the river, or should that be up the tunnel? (LAUGHS)

CERISE

It wasn't like that.

SIL

But see what it has brought you, a job with Ms Cordelia Crozier.

CORDELIA

What? – I don't need an assistant.

SIL

I think you do. When will the antidote be perfected? Our plans are in place to introduce the cleansing agents into the general population.

DOCTOR

'Cleansing agents'?

CORDELIA

I still have final tests to do. The serum must be fully proven.

SIL

You need only provide enough for a fraction of the populace.

DOCTOR

Is that what you're planning here? Introduce a smorgasbord of alien diseases into the environment, causing millions to perish, so only those who can pay for your patent medicine survive? Even by your standards, Sil, this is despicable!

SIL

Doctor, you seem to imagine I'm some profiteering monster. No, no, no. I am here as a troubleshooter, assisting Concorp's President at a moment of great hardship. Difficult times call for difficult solutions, and the Gen Pop simply must be reduced by a minimum of ninety per cent, for their own good!

DOCTOR

You're proposing genocide-?!

SIL

We must have the vaccine tomorrow, at the very latest!

CORDELIA

There is still a chain of anti-bodies to collate. The Doctor has agreed to assist me in their production in return for the life of his companion.

FLIP

No, Doctor, I told you not to...too-oo-oo...atishoo!

DOCTOR

Flip...?



FLIP  
(SNEEZES AGAIN)

SIL  
What is the matter with this feminine creature?

CERISE  
Look, there, on her forehead...

CORDELIA  
A rose coloured ring.

DOCTOR  
I was afraid of this.

SIL  
Afraid of what?

DOCTOR  
What has just appeared is the first visible sign of infection by the New Black Death!

FLIP/VELENA  
(POSSESSED AGAIN, SINGING) Ring-a- ring a roses, a pocket full of posies, atishoo, atishoo, we all fall DOWN!

**END OF PART THREE**

**PART FOUR**

REPRISE:

*FLIP*  
*(SNEEZES AGAIN)*

*SIL*  
*What is the matter with this female creature?*

*CERISE*  
*Look, there, on her forehead...*

*CORDELIA*  
*A rose coloured ring.*

*DOCTOR*  
*I was afraid of this.*

*SIL*  
*Afraid of what?*

*DOCTOR*  
*What has just appeared is the first visible sign of infection by the New Black Death!*

*FLIP/VELENA*  
*(POSSESSED AGAIN, SINGING) Ring-a- ring a roses, a pocket full of posies, atishoo, atishoo, we all fall DOWN!*

CONTINUES INTO:

**Scene 56: INT. CONCORP – LABORATORY [CONTINUOUS]**

*DOCTOR*  
*Flip, I... [am so sorry]*

*FLIP*  
*(NORMAL) Don't look so concerned Doctor... (SNEEZES AGAIN) It's only a cold.*

**|** *DOCTOR*  
**|** *No, it is far more serious than that.*

*FLIP*  
*I can't hear Velena. I think she's gone.*

DOCTOR

Only until she's ready to re-emerge. Cordelia, how near to completion is the antidote?

CORDELIA

Not near enough to save her.

CERISE

Antibiotics?

CORDELIA

She's had everything that still works. The superbugs have rendered most of them useless.

FLIP

Then how do you lot cure people?

CORDELIA

Regenerative surgery.

SIL

For the deserving.

DOCTOR

Flip is deserving.

SIL

I wouldn't go that far.

CORDELIA

Her whole metabolism will be ravaged by the disease. I estimate she has – three days, perhaps?

FLIP

I don't find this conversation encouraging?

DOCTOR

We have three days to find a cure.

SIL

Doctor, how would you like to join our research team?

FLIP

No, Doctor!

SHE TRIES TO SUPPRESS A SNEEZE.

DOCTOR

It has to be done.

FLIP

We both know what slugface is planning for the people. Doctor, they want to wipe pretty much everyone out!

SIL

Only the work-shy and underproductive!

DOCTOR

Flip, I can't stand by and watch you suffer.

FLIP

Even if you do perfect their antidote or vaccine or whatever, they'll only use it to protect themselves. Doctor, I'd sooner die.

DOCTOR

(DECISIVELY) Cordelia, we must get to work.

SIL

(GURGLES) So good to have you on-side, Doctor.

FLIP

No, Doctor, what are you doing?

DOCTOR

Hush, Flip, save your strength for the battles ahead.

CORDELIA

She must be quarantined, placed in isolation.

DOCTOR

I agree.

CORDELIA

You – what did you say your name was?

CERISE

Cerise.

CORDELIA

Accompany the girl. She is a valuable research specimen, we must keep her alive as long as is possible.

MUSIC: TIME PASSES.

**Scene 57: INT. CONCORP – LABORATORY (LATER)**

FX: FADE UP. CHANGING SLIDE ON MICROSCOPE.

CORDELIA

See, Doctor? The microscopic plates show only minimal effect against the bacillus.

DOCTOR

Does this microscopic device possess a lens enhancer?

CORDELIA

It is set at its limit.

DOCTOR

Yes, I see, the bacillus is rampant, I can see them wriggling about, like they're laughing at our attempts to attack them.

CORDELIA

That was the last of the plague samples. I must prepare some more.

DOCTOR

No time for that, is this sample a vaccine based on my DNA?

CORDELIA

Infused with that of the girl's. Why won't it work, the formulaic projection and resultant equation should perform better than this?

DOCTOR

Programme the next chain differently, take out all but five percent of the human DNA, project the rest from my immunity data.

CORDELIA

If you say so.

FX: ELECTRONIC SOUNDS OF CORDELIA OPERATING A COMPUTER STYLE SYSTEM.

DOCTOR

Carefully! The nuclei of Gallifreyan antibodies are symbiotic, no wonder nothing's working if you're going to start chopping into them like a Smithfields butcher. Now – what if we remove that sequence there; substitute – no, reverse the sequence on the outer helix there... yes, yes, that might just be the answer.

CORDELIA

That formula would destroy our immune systems. It is much too radical.

DOCTOR

I thought you favoured radical solutions.

CORDELIA

All I see on the screen is a random set of elements that cannot possibly succeed.

DOCTOR

Translate them into reality, prepare a solution incorporating those enhanced anti-bodies and we'll find out if it works or not.

CORDELIA

I don't trust you, Doctor.

DOCTOR

Really, I thought we were a team.

CORDELIA

Far from it. You really believe this vaccine will cure the New Black Death?

DOCTOR

The New Black Death's the easy bit. If I'm right, this will also banish the Velendari from Flip's physiology.

CORDELIA

Very well. I will prepare a sample dosage, but you must be the one to administer it.

DOCTOR

Come, now – surely you're better qualified?

CORDELIA

Undoubtedly. But if she dies, I want you to know it was your responsibility.

**Scene 58: INT. CONCORP – QUARANTINE ROOM**

CERISE

Please, Flip. You must drink.

FLIP

(FEVERISH) Water? Is it that funny stuff?

CERISE

No, this is purity itself. Drawn from a supply that only Concorp staff can use.

FLIP

(SIPS WATER) That's you, now, is it?

CERISE

I belong to Concorp now, so does Pan; he has been given a job monitoring the public water supply.

FLIP

Keeping everyone happy.

CERISE

Not everyone, Flip.

FLIP STARTS TO BE OVERWHELMED BY THE FEVER RAGING THROUGH HER BODY. SHE, COUGHS, STRUGGLES FOR BREATH, THEN STARTS TO QUIETEN.

FLIP

I feel strange, as if the fire inside is being dampened down, down and down. I feel cold... (SHIVERS) cold but calm, I don't mind anything, not any more, I don't belong here any more... (RALLIES) This isn't like me, not to care, why don't I care? Cerise, if you know, tell me, tell me. What's happening, why aren't I scared anymore?

CERISE

Some people believe that when a person approaches the end, the brain secretes a chemical that eases the pain of the approaching departure.

FLIP

The end? You mean, I'm dying?

**Scene 59: INT. CONCORP – LABORATORY**

DOCTOR

Cordelia, you've been peering down that microscope forever. Will it work?

CORDELIA

I'm not sure.

DOCTOR

Mind out of the way, let me see... Ah, yes, the bacilli aren't laughing any more.

CORDELIA

It deserves further investigation.

DOCTOR

(GETTING UP) No time for that. If this stuff works, you'll have the antidote you want and Flip might just pull through.



**Scene 60: INT. CONCORP – QUARANTINE ROOM**

FLIP

(FADING) Getting colder. Cerise, get the Doctor. Please.

CERISE

He's busy, doing all he can to help you.

FLIP

I know, I know. But I don't want to miss him. So many adventures we've had. Who'd have thought it would end for me here in London, not my London, staring up at the ceiling of a cold grey room.  
(BEAT) Cerise, where are you?

CERISE

I'm here.

FLIP

I can't see anymore, grey fading into black. Hold my hand. I'm tired, so tired, so very... very...

CERISE

No, Flip, don't drift away. Flip, no!

FX: ELECTRONIC BOLTS UNLOCK, DOOR BUZZES OPEN, THE DOCTOR RUSHES IN, FOLLOWED BY CORDELIA.

DOCTOR

How is she? Flip? Flip!

CERISE

I'm sorry, Doctor, she's...

DOCTOR

No, she can't leave me. Flip, wake up, give me your hand.

CORDELIA

There goes our best test subject.

DOCTOR

Be quiet. Yes. She still has a faint pulse. Cordelia, pass me the syringe.

CORDELIA

Why waste a promising sample?

DOCTOR

Give it here, woman!

HE SNATCHES THE SYRINGE AND INSERTS IT INTO FLIP'S ARM.

DOCTOR

(PUSHING IN NEEDLE) Sorry, Flip, I know you don't like needles but needs must... There, it's done. Come on, Flip, you're needed here. I need you here.

CORDELIA

This is a waste. The girl is obviously dead.

DOCTOR

(STERN) Phillipa Jackson! What do you think you're playing at? Come back at once, young lady – do you hear me? I want you back here, right now!

CERISE

There! – Her eyelids flickered.

CORDELIA

A random reflex.

DOCTOR

Come on, Flip, come on...

FLIP

(EXHALES, HALF-MUMBLED) Stop... talking at me like, like some sort of horrible headmaster.

DOCTOR

Flip! Welcome back.

FLIP

(PARCHED) Hello, Doctor, we on the other side?

DOCTOR

Not this time.

FLIP

Thirsty.

CERISE

Here...

FLIP DRINKS, COUGHS.

FLIP

I dreamt I was in London, but in the future, buildings broken down, pavements cracked, the Thames choked with slime and weeds, I was being carried down the river, drifting, drifting...

DOCTOR

You're back now.

FLIP

That other London, the one in the future, is that where we are?

DOCTOR

Unfortunately... yes.

CORDELIA

Doctor, I take it all back. This clinical trial has been a success. I shall inform Sil. You've given us just what we've been searching for.

**Scene 61: INT. CONCORP – SIL'S QUARTERS**

FX: FADE UP. RUNNING WATER IN B/G. SIL IS FEEDING ANZOR.

SIL

Look at his little mouth. You like your marsh minnows, yes, you do, Anzor, chomp away, chomp away.

MINI ANZOR

Fiddlesticks! Fiddlesticks!

CORDELIA

Can't you teach your pet some other words, this constant repetition grows tiresome.

SIL

I'm teaching him Thoros-Betan, he's doing very well.

CORDELIA

You've read the report on my findings?

SIL

I have. How long before there will be sufficient supplies of the vaccine available to protect the great and the good?

CORDELIA

That depends on you, Mentor Sil.

SIL

Me? I have many attributes but chemical productivity is not among them.

CORDELIA

I'm talking of my reward.

SIL

Ah, of course, you require a bonus, a salary enhancement; never fear, an increase of credits will be most forthcoming.

CORDELIA

I want more.

SIL

We all want that, my dear.

CORDELIA

I want the Doctor placed in my custody.

SIL

Why is he so precious to you?

CORDELIA

He destroyed the life of my father.

SIL

And you plan a lingering death in sweet revenge. How lovely.

CORDELIA

Do I have your consent? Sil?

SIL

On one condition.

CORDELIA

Yes?

SIL

That Flipper person has a nasty tongue, I do not care for her remarks regarding my person. Include her in your plans for the Doctor and you may do whatever you wish.

**Scene 62: INT. CONCORP – RAT ROOM**

FX: DOOR SLIDES OPEN. AS GUARDS HUSTLE IN FLIP AND THE DOCTOR THERE IS A BURST OF SQUEAKS AND SQUEALS AND SCREAMS FROM THE HUNGRY RATS.

KNIGHT MARSHAL  
Get in, the pair of you.

DOCTOR  
The rat room. Lucky us.

FLIP  
Oh no, not in here, not again!

KNIGHT MARSHAL  
(SHOVING) In, I said! All vermin together, make yourself at home.  
(EXITS)

FX: MORE SQUEALS FROM THE RATS. THE DOOR IS CLOSED AND LOCKED.

FLIP  
What do you all think you're looking at? Stop twitching.

DOCTOR  
Still in their cages, I wonder if they've been infected yet.

FLIP  
I want out of here, Doctor.

DOCTOR  
I wouldn't object to that either.

HE WANDERS TOWARDS THE WINDOWS.

DOCTOR  
Mmm. We must be about eight or nine stories up from the ground, on the east side of the Concorp tower; windows sealed, a guard outside the door, caged rats all around.

FLIP  
It's hopeless, we're trapped.

DOCTOR  
For the moment. Sit down, Flip, save your energy.

FLIP  
For what?

DOCTOR

For whatever Cordelia Crozier is planning to inflict on us.

FLIP

Is any of it true? You know, about her father, and you being... I dunno, implicated?

DOCTOR

(SIGHS) Oh, Flip... I... (STOPS)

FLIP

What? What is it, Doctor? What's the matter?

DOCTOR

I wish I could be sure. I remember meeting Crozier on the planet Thoros-beta with my companion, Peri. But then there was a serious disruption of the flow of time, engineered under orders of the High Council of Time Lords. At first, I believed Peri to have been killed, but as it transpired... well, that was only one of several possibilities.

FLIP

Sounds like a right mess-up.

DOCTOR

Indeed. As regards exactly what happened to Cordelia's father... I simply have no idea. As I explained, my memory of those events is somewhat compromised.

FLIP

So what really happened to this... Peri? Do you know?

DOCTOR

I thought I did. After the last few days... I'm wondering if I shouldn't find out for sure. I have to admit... It is something that plays on my mind. And, I do miss her – Flip, are you listening to me?

FLIP

Sorry, it's just I don't like the way that big black rat keeps looking at me; rubbing its paws; coiling its tail; what do you think I am, mate, dinner?

FX: CHORUS OF SQUEAKS AND SQUEALS IN REPLY.

**Scene 63: INT. PAN & CERISE'S APARTMENT**

CERISE

Cordelia called the guards, they marched the Doctor and Flip away.

PAN

Cerise...

CERISE

Discarded them. I followed them to what's called the rat room. There are hundreds of the things in there waiting to be infected with horrible diseases.

PAN

This has nothing... [to do with us]

CERISE

It has. Betraying the Doctor helped you become what you are now.

PAN

How else would I gain such a trusted position with the water board? They were a means to an end.

CERISE

Listen to yourself – 'a means to an end'. What's happened to you, Pan?

PAN

It's the way the world is.

CERISE

Not my world.

PAN

Your world no longer exists. There's surplus population – I'm sorry, but there is. Despite bromidal additives, the plebeians still ignore the zero birth restriction order.

CERISE

We didn't ignore that law.

PAN

We are no longer duty bound to obey. As members of the Executive Class we will be allowed two children.

CERISE

In return for you drugging the population into total apathy.

PAN

I do what is necessary to avert anarchy.



CERISE  
Anarchy?

PAN  
Why aren't you happy, Cerise? We have everything, now.

CERISE  
Everything except our love for each other.

PAN  
What are you saying?

CERISE  
Simply this; I don't respect, love or even recognise the person  
you have become. From now on... keep away from me.

**Scene 64: INT. CONCORP – BOARDROOM**

SIL

My fellow Board members – I am delighted to inform you that the project will be instigated within days. Final safeguards are being completed as I speak. Then, as soon as sufficient amounts of vaccine are available to protect the Executive Class, the public downsizing down can begin.

KRISTAL

And how is this 'downsizing' to be done? Mr President?

BOSCOE

Initially, by introduction of cleansing elements into the public water supply.

SIL

Together with extensive... 'rat-ification' within the Underground system. (GIGGLES) We should see a significant reduction of those other parasitical elements within days.

KRISTAL

What of the public services? There will be bodies littering the streets once the epidemic takes hold.

BOSCOE

Incineration units will be in place, burial pits will be prepared. I do not pretend it will be pretty. But fear not, Kristal: the vaccine works. I am told it is so powerful it has already brought a young woman suffering the effects of a deadly disease back from the dead.

KRISTAL

That's not what I'm afraid of.

BOSCOE

What are you afraid of, Kristal?

KRISTAL

The loss of our humanity.

**Scene 65: INT. CONCORP – LABORATORY**

AUTOMATED VOICE

Formula stability confirmed.

CORDELIA

That's it, then. Our work is almost done.

CERISE

They're really going to release the plagues?

CORDELIA

That is not our concern, Cerise.

CERISE

Not our concern, how can you say that?

CORDELIA

What's the matter, do you not wish to be employed? I would remind you that the vaccine will only be issued to the Executive Class. – Now, I have other business to attend to. Go and inform the Knight Marshal that I wish to have the prisoners brought to me.

CERISE

The Doctor and Miss Jackson? Why?

CORDELIA

There was another Time Lord here before. Anzor. He came to suffer an accidental transmogrification. I'm afraid a similar 'accident' is about to befall the Doctor and his companion. Soon they will look like creatures dredged up from the ocean floor; bulbous eyes, gaping jaws, waving fronds for feet.

CERISE

The Doctor, you hate him that much?

CORDELIA

He destroyed my father – his work, his reputation, his life. It is time for the Doctor to settle his debt.

**Scene 66: INT. CONCORP – RAT ROOM**

FX: FADE UP RAT ACTIVITY IN B/G.

FLIP

We've got to get out of here.

DOCTOR

We will.

FLIP

How? I asked, how, Doctor?

DOCTOR

I know you did. That remains something of a conundrum.

FLIP

I'm alive but, because of that, millions are going to die.

DOCTOR

Yes, our genocidal friends in the Executive Class too.

FLIP

How'd you mean?

DOCTOR

I believe Ms Crozier's collection of diseases is itself infected, infiltrated by these Velendari.

FLIP

I thought Velenia was gone?

DOCTOR

Successfully banished from your consciousness, yes. But these Velendari are multitudes, that's what Voda said. I can't imagine they won't be able to mutate – and when they do, any 'antidote' will soon be useless. Humankind will be defenceless against the viral horde.

FX: 2 X FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING OUTSIDE.

FLIP

The Velendari will rule..

DOCTOR

Someone's coming.

FX: DOOR OPENS.

CERISE

(TO GUARD) Knight Marshal, remain outside.

FLIP

Cerise!

KNIGHT MARSHAL

Can't do that, Ma'am.

CERISE

I wish to interrogate the prisoners, wait outside.

KNIGHT MARSHAL

Can't do that.

DOCTOR

Um, I hate to be alarmist, Knight Marshal, but I think you ought to know...

KNIGHT MARSHAL

What?

DOCTOR

There's a rat crawling up your leg.

KNIGHT MARSHAL

(PANICKING) I hate those things – where-?

FLIP

Whack him, Cerise-!

FX: CERISE STRUGGLES WITH KNIGHT MARSHAL.

KNIGHT MARSHAL

Get off me, woman!

CERISE

(STRUGGLING) Flip, grab his gun!

FLIP

Already on it. All right, you – back slowly into the rat room.

KNIGHT MARSHAL

(BACKING INTO ROOM) I mean it, I hate those things. It's the eyes, the way they look at you.

DOCTOR

Who're you more afraid of? Miss Jackson, a desperate seditious with a gun? Or a few big mice?

KNIGHT MARSHAL

I hate mice too. Please, don't leave [me]

FX: DOOR CLOSES ON KNIGHT MARSHAL.

FLIP

The big wuss.

CERISE

Quickly, take this keycard. My apartment is in the habitation annexe, third floor, room one-eight-two. There are exit passes in a kitchen drawer. It's the only way out of this Tower.

FLIP

Hang about, why are you helping us, anyway? Thought you'd thrown in your lot with Concorp.

CERISE

Cordelia means to transmogrify you, the way she did the other Time Lord.

DOCTOR

What about you?

CERISE

I'll say I was forced to release you. Hurry!

DOCTOR

The Knight Marshal will tell a different story. Come with us, we'll find a way to get you out of here too.

CERISE

I'm... I'm not sure, I--

FLIP

Oh don't be stupid, Cerise, come on!

CERISE

All right! I will.

DOCTOR

Come on, then!

FX: THEY HURRY AWAY DOWN THE CORRIDOR AS THE KNIGHT MARSHAL BANGS ON THE DOOR AND YELLS FROM INSIDE.

KNIGHT MARSHAL

They won't stop looking at me. Let me out of here, somebody, anybody, please!

FX: FADE.

**Scene 67: INT. PAN & CERISE'S APARTMENT**

FX: DOOR OPENS.

FLIP

This is it? It's a bit titchy, ain't it?

CERISE

(BITTERLY) Home sweet home. In, both of you.

FX: CLOSES DOOR QUICKLY.

DOCTOR

Kitchen drawer, did you say?

CERISE

Third one down.

FX: AS DOCTOR CROSSES FLOOR:

PAN

(CALLS FROM OFF) Cerise? Is that you-?

FX: HE COMES INTO THE KITCHEN.

PAN

Cerise, we have to talk – (REALISATION) What are these two doing here?

DOCTOR

Hello, Pan.

CERISE

You're home early.

PAN

I told them I was ill. I wanted to talk to you, to try and work things out.

FLIP

Looks like it's worked out pretty well for you. Aww, look, you've even get your own name badge. 'Water Enhancement Services', what's that?

CERISE

It means, he pours sedative drugs into the public water supply on a daily basis.

FLIP

Nice.

PAN

You don't understand. I do my job.

FLIP

I understand all right. Loser.

CERISE

Flip, give me the Knight Marshal's gun. (AS FLIP DOES SO) Doctor, pick up those exit passes.

PAN

You're not helping them escape!

CERISE

Back off, Pan. Doctor, get those passes!

FX: DRAWER OPENS AND CLOSES, OFF.

DOCTOR

Passes got. Cerise, we don't need the gun.

PAN

(STEPPING FORWARD) You won't shoot me, Cerise. I know you won't –

FX: CERISE BLASTS HIM DOWN – STUN SHOT, IT'LL TRANSPIRE.

FLIP

Cerise? You just –

CERISE

It's set to 'stun', he'll come round in a few minutes. Go, the pair of you! I'll stay here, make sure he doesn't raise the alarm.

DOCTOR

I understand. Thank you, Cerise.

FLIP

Will you be all right?

CERISE

What do you think? – Please, just go!



**Scene 68: INT. CONCORP – ELEVATOR/RECEPTION**

FX: FADE UP LIFT DESCENDING SWIFTLY (AS IN PART TWO).

FLIP

We're not just running away, are we? Doct-

DOCTOR

Walls have ears, remember? Elevators too.

AUTOMATED VOICE

Approaching G.F. One. Concorp thanks you for your work. Concorp, where everyone matters. Doors opening.

FX: DOORS OPEN.

DOCTOR

Thank you.

THEY EXIT INTO RECEPTION, CROSSING FLOOR:

FLIP

Seriously, Doctor. We can't just run out on everyone!

DOCTOR

We're going back to the TARDIS. Much as it pains me to do so, I'm calling in the Time Lords.

FLIP

What, really?

DOCTOR

I've no choice. A vaccine developed from my own Gallifreyan immunity is about to be misused to the most terrible end. Worse, it may turn out to be the herald of some sort of biological apocalypse. – (STOPS) Something's wrong.

FLIP

Yeah, no Knight blokes standing sentry in Concorp reception. Why's that, then?

FX: DOORS SLIDING OPEN, OFF.

SIL

(ENTERING) Why do you think, you revolting hideous creature?

DOCTOR

Oh, no!

SIL

Because they're all been waiting in ambush. Knights Marshal, advance!

FX: 3 X DOORS OPENING. SEVERAL LINES OF GUARDS STOMPING, CLATTERING IN FROM OFF, SURROUNDING THE DOCTOR AND FLIP.

SIL

(BEING LED FORWARD) Well, Doctor. I doubt even you can contrive to escape your long-overdue liquidisation on this occasion.

DOCTOR

Admittedly, the odds do seem against it. I would try appealing to your better nature, Sil, but...

SIL

To presume that I possess the smallest microgram of pity would be most insulting!

CROSS TO:

**Scene 69: INT. CONCORP – COMMS CENTRE**

FX: THE SCENE FROM RECEPTION RELAYED OVER MONITORS.

FLIP

(D) How'd you know we were coming, slugface?

SIL

(D) Mistress Cordelia raised the alarm, of course.

CORDELIA

(APPROACHING) You – Bob, whoever you are. Have the internal cameras picked up the Doctor and his companion?

BOB

There you go, ma'am, they've been recaptured – see?

CORDELIA

Good. I want to see the Doctor compressed into utter malformation. I want to keep him in a glass box where I can forever gaze in pleasure at the agony of his shrivelled existence.

BOB

Whatever plugs you in, ma'am.

CROSS BACK TO:

**Scene 70: INT. CONCORP – RECEPTION**

FLIP

You won't get away with it, you know. The Time Lords are coming.

SIL

A feeble bluff. The Time Lords are only interested in protecting their monopoly on near-immortality, they won't be involving themselves on this occasion.

DOCTOR

Unlike back on Thoros Beta, of course...?

FLIP

What, when they killed Cordelia's Dad?

DOCTOR

I can't believe the Time Lords would have executed young Crozier. But only Sil knows the truth – don't you, Sil?

SIL

It pains me to remember. When the time storm abated, the great Lord Kiv, whose magnificent mind was supposed to have been placed within the repulsive body of the Doctor's young companion, was no more. Lord Kiv was dead. Dead!

DOCTOR

I knew it.

SIL

Young Crozier had failed my masters; how else could I have appeased them but by having him 'fired' ... so to speak?

CROSS BACK TO:

**Scene 71: INT. CONCORP – COMMS CENTRE**

CORDELIA

(GASPING) No! NO!!!

BOB

You all right there?

DOCTOR

(ON SCREEN) So what was Cordelia to you, Sil? Just another mark, another human resource to be exploited?

SIL

(ON SCREEN) A fine young talent grown greater still, since I gave her the right motivation!

FLIP

(ON SCREEN) You killed her father, you lying scumbag!

CORDELIA

(ROARING) Sil! I shall see you suffer for this!!!

BOB

All right, don't lose your connection.

**Scene 72: INT. PAN & CERISE'S APARTMENT**

PAN

(COMING ROUND) Cerise-? (GROANING) Oh, no. What have you done-?

CERISE

Helped the Doctor and Flip to escape. The Knights Marshal will arrest me and and kill me, probably. I don't really care.

PAN

(GETTING UP) We've got to get out of here!

CERISE

Don't worry, Pan. I'll tell them you had no part in it. If they don't believe me, Concorp have truth drugs. You'll be all right, good company man like you.

PAN

You don't understand. You don't know what's going to happen. I couldn't risk telling you, Cerise – not even in here, in case we were under surveillance.

CORDELIA

Couldn't risk telling me what?

PAN

Part of my duties as a 'trusted employee' is to regulate the influx of the water enhancement drugs, the reason people accept their lot and do not rebel.

CERISE

We both know that.

PAN

I saw a chance to alter the world as it is to something you would like it to be.

CERISE

What have you done? Pan?

PAN

I've been manipulating the influx system controls, draining the narcoplaxamine away into an emergency reservoir. No sedative drugs have been fed into the public water supply for the past three days!

**Scene 73: INT. CONCORP – RECEPTION**

SIL

Generally speaking, Doctor, I do not approve of bringing personal issues into the work environment.

DOCTOR

I'm glad to hear it.

SIL

But given that I now have the opportunity to have you and your horrid little apprentice lasered to death... I am prepared to make an exception!

FLIP

Go on, knock yourself out.

SIL

Knights Marshal, raise your weapons. (FX: A MULTITUDE OF HOISTED RIFLES) On my command – wait for it, wait for it –

FX: A BRICK COMES FLYING THROUGH CONCORP WINDOW – SMASHING GLASS.

SIL

What was that? Who threw that projectile?

DOCTOR

(PUZZLED) It came from outside.

FX: SMASH! SMASH! SMASH! MORE BRICKS THROUGH GLASS.

| SIL

Someone is attacking the tower!

FX: CHANTING FROM OFF – A MOB MARCHING ON THE TOWER.

MOB

Down with Concorp!

Concorp hates us!

Concorp doesn't care! [REPEAT THROUGH:]

FX: MORE BRICKS. MORE SMASHING GLASS THROUGH:

FLIP

It's people. Thousands of people, coming up from the underground!

DOCTOR

Marching on the tower! It's a mob!

SIL

Great Morgo, it's the proles! Knights Marshal – defend the tower!  
Shoot them, you doltards! We'll be over-run!

FX: GUARDS BEGIN TO OPEN FIRE ON MOB. A BATTLE DEVELOPING.

FLIP

Doctor, we'd better get out of here.

DOCTOR

Yes, I think someone else has the same idea..

| SIL

| The rabble are entering the building, invading our sanctity! ▲  
| Bearers, carry me away! ▲ Carry me away,▲ right now! Ah, thank you,  
| good bearers, sweet bearers, so kind...

| FX: HE IS BORNE AWAY. LIFT ARRIVES AS ▲THE BATTLE CONTINUES:

PAN

(EXITING LIFT) The insurrection! Cerise, it's already begun!

CERISE

(FOLLOWING) Pan, we have to stop the slaughter!

DOCTOR

(COMING OVER) Just what I was thinking, young lady. Once the  
Marshals' weapons run down, they won't stand a chance. We must  
persuade them to surrender.

FLIP

But what started all this? Why have the people turned on Concorp?

CERISE

It was Pan, Flip. Pan did it! Pan!!!



**Scene 74: INT. CONCORP – BOARDROOM**

FX: CLATTERING BOOTS OF KNIGHTS MARSHAL IN CORRIDOR. BOSCOE AND KRISTAL RUSHING IN.

BOSCOE

Hurry, Kristal, hurry! Knights Marshal – barricade the Boardroom, we need to protect ourselves!

KRISTAL

I don't understand, Mr President. What's happening out there?

BOSCOE

Mass outbreaks of civil disobedience, all over the capital! The underground tribes rising up in – well, protest, I suppose.

KRISTAL

But how can this have happened? The water supply in the city was not affected by the shortages!

BOSCOE

This is the work of Hang Seng saboteurs, it must be. Are we all accounted for? Where's Sil?

KRISTAL

I know I had my doubts... but it's time to act, Mr President. Time to implement the plague plan. Is everything in place?

CORDELIA

(AT DOOR, A BIT STRANGE AND SLURRY) You will all need to be vaccinated first.

BOSCOE

Ms Crozier! Just who we need. Knights Marshal, let her past!

KRISTAL

Has she got it? Has she brought the vaccine?

CORDELIA

(COMING OVER) Where is Sil? Where is that green monster?

BOSCOE

I'm not sure. All the members of the Board were sent a message to assemble here. I've ordered a sky car, to meet us on the roof.

FX: THE SOUND OF A SKY CAR TAKING OFF ABOVE THEM.

KRISTAL

But that's a sky car, isn't it?

FX: IT STREAKS AWAY.

BOSCOE

No, why's it leaving? Come back! Come back! I don't understand..

CORDELIA

(LAUGHS HOLLOWLY) I do, Mr President. The slug has got [SNEEZING]  
A-A-ATCHOO!

KRISTAL

Are you - (DISTASTE) - unwell?

CORDELIA

Undoubtedly.

BOSCOE

Never mind that. The vaccine, have you brought the vaccine with you?

CORDELIA

Only the plagues, Mr President. I came here to give them to Sil... but I shall have to make do with infecting the rest of you instead. (SNEEZES VIOLENTLY)

BOSCOE

Infecting us-?

CORDELIA/VELENA

(POSSESSED, LIKE FLIP WAS) Come to me, Mr President. Come to me and receive the New Black Death, and Titan Cholera. All of you Concorprians, come and receive Creeping moon fever, Lasarti's Wasting, lavapox and the Darkspace Plague. Come receive the kiss of the Velendari. It is time to settle your account.

BOSCOE

(TERRIFIED) No! No! Nooooo-!

**Scene 75: EXT. CONCORP HQ**

IN B/G, SOME LAUGHTER, RUNNING FEET, AN EXCITED CHEER OR TWO.

FLIP.

Come on, Doctor. We've done everything we can here.

CERISE

More than enough.

DOCTOR

No, I have to go back to the laboratory.

FLIP

What?!

DOCTOR

I need to make sure Ms Crozier's plagues are properly made safe. The last thing we need is the Velendari [getting out]

FX: ABOVE THEM, TOP FEW FLOORS OF CONCORP EXPLODE. CRIES OF ALARM.

PAN

What was that-?

DOCTOR

Looks to me like that was the Boardroom exploding.

FLIP

Doctor, you don't think - Cordelia...?

DOCTOR

More likely the Knights Marshal going out in a blaze of glory. But I daresay that towering inferno will take care of our problem. Even the worst diseases of the universe will not survive that holocaust.

FLIP

Yeah, neither will Sil.

DOCTOR

Perhaps. I suppose he was beyond redemption.

CERISE

Concorp has fallen. We owe you so much, Doctor, Flip.

FLIP

It's Pan you should be thanking, girl.

CERISE

I know.

**Scene 76: INT. SKY CAR – IN FLIGHT**

SKY CAR WHOOSHES PAST. CROSS-FADE TO INTERIOR PERSPECTIVE.  
SIL AND MISTRESS NA, A FEMALE THOROS-BETAN WHO HAS A SING-SONG VOICE.

SIL  
My dear Mistress Na, how good of you to commandeer a sky car to effect my rescue.

NA  
The Hang Seng always try to protect their agents.

SIL  
But to send such a beautiful protectress only enhances my good fortune – eh, little Anzor?

MINI ANZOR  
Fiddlesticks! Fiddlesticks!

SIL  
I do wish you'd learn to say something else.

NA  
Look at those humans down there, running about, attacking the towers of government.

SIL  
(CHUCKLES) Chaos is come. A fractured society will take years and years to rebuild. There should be many business opportunities for the Hang Seng to exploit. I do hope my part in this triumph will not be forgotten when you make your report...?

NA  
The downfall of Concorp is most satisfactory to us.

SIL  
I trust our masters will look on U.M.F. losses as only temporary? I argued against setting an incendiary device in Ms Crozier's laboratory but would my masters listen? It is hard being a subordinate, I had to obey. (SIGHS)

NA  
Did you have some kind of attachment to the human female?

SIL  
Of course not. I knew her father, once. He was a nuisance, too. No, it's just the patent on that panacea of hers might have been worth a fortune.

NA

Perhaps. But it is better for our agents to cover their tracks. Tell me, Sil, truth between Mentors, was it planning, opportunity or simply blind chance that brought about your success?

SIL

Between ourselves, Mistress Na, a little of all ...all... three... Ah... Ah... Atishoo!

NA

(ALARM) What was that?

SIL

A sneeze. Oh dear, I do hope I haven't caught something nasty.

**Scene 77: INT. TARDIS – CONTROL ROOM**

FX: SOUND OF ANZOR'S TARDIS DEMATERIALISING ON SCANNER.

DOCTOR

There goes Anzor's TARDIS, on its way back to Gallifrey. Probably best if the Time Lords don't discover who programmed the coordinates...

FLIP

Doctor, will Britain ever be as it once was?

DOCTOR

I've always found it a most resilient nation. Its people may hibernate for long periods but when they do wake up, watch out.

FLIP

So – where to next? (A BIT GLUM) S'pose you'll be wanting to go after your friend Peri, find out what really happened to her.

DOCTOR

Yes, that's exactly what I intend to do. Although there are one or two, shall we say, *variables* to be considered first, hmmm... Why, is there somewhere else you'd rather go to first? Don't say Atlantis.

FLIP.

We did interrupt our holiday on Tranquillity; I don't suppose...

DOCTOR

No, that would be an escape from reality. (BEAT) But then again, you have been ill.

FLIP

Struck down by a deadly disease.

DOCTOR

Teetering on the very edge of oblivion.

FLIP

That's so true.

DOCTOR

You, Miss Jackson, are in need of recuperation. Tranquillity might indeed be the correct antidote! (FX: BUTTON-PRESSING; SETTING COORDINATES) Yes, I would be prepared, in the circumstances, to assist with your convalescence. Not too long a stay, mind.

FLIP

That's really kind of you, Doctor.

DOCTOR

Not at all, Flip, considering all you've been through, it's the very least I can do.

FX: DEMATERIALISATION BEGINS.

**THE END**